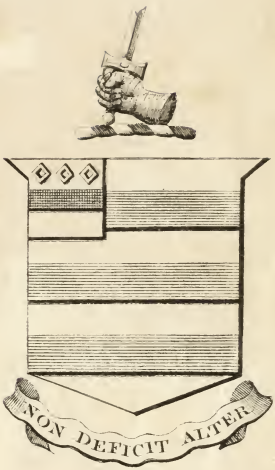

Stainforth.

Division SCB
Section 14301

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2013

http://archive.org/details/ofdivi00lond

L. Cheron Inv.

G. Ivr. Gucht Scul.

Int. Bunties Nov. 6
1819
No. 3

A COLLECTION OF DIVINE HYMNS and POEMS UPON Several Occasions:

By the
E. of Roscommon, John Dryden, *Esq*; *Mr.* Dennis, *Mr.* Norris, *Mrs.* Kath. Phillips, *Mrs.* Singer, *& others.*

The THIRD EDITION.

To which is added,

I. Death's Vision: A Philosophical Sacred Poem. Writ at the Request of the late Mr. *Locke*. By Mr. *Reynolds*.

II. *God, the Creator and Preserver*. By the Reverend Mr. *Daniel*. With several others not in the Former Editions.

LONDON:
Printed for W. TAYLOR at the *Ship* in *Pater-Noster-Row*. MDCCXIX.

LIBRARY OF PRINCETON THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY
MAY 6 1936

A COLLECTION OF HYMNS and POEMS UPON Several Occasions:

To Sir RICHARD BLACKMORE, *Knt.* M. D. *and Fellow of the College of Physicians in* London.

THIS not, Sir, with a Design to Flatter you, which I know you wou'd abhor, nor to Publish your Worth, which I know wou'd be needless, that I make this Dedication to you; But because there's no fitter Person in the World to Patronize a Collection of this Nature.

Like a Zealous Friend to Religion, and Passionate Lover of your Country, you have express'd your just Concern for the Fatal Consequences of Loose and Profane Poetry, and with great Judgment have made it appear how vainly we hope for a Reformation of Manners, while

the Abuſes of the *Engliſh* Stage are left unreform'd.

You have alſo by your Writings retriev'd the Honour of Poetry, and reſcu'd the Muſes from that vile Drudgery they've of late Years been Condemn'd to, and convinc'd all unprejudic'd Readers, that the beſt Poetry, and Manly Senſe, are very conſiſtent; and that Wit never appears ſo Illuſtrious, as when ſhe borrows her Themes from Virtue and Religion.

May you long Live as great a Glory to Chriſtianity, as to your Noble Profeſſion, and be as uſeful to Mens Souls as you are to their Bodies, is the Sincere Deſire and Prayer of

Your Humble Servant

and Admirer.

THE

THE PREFACE.

ANY one who considers the Nature of Man, must needs own that Poetry is very proper to work upon it; that it may be of Excellent Use unto him, and that it has in some respects the Advantage of Abstract Reasoning and Philosophy.

'Tis true, were we nothing but pure Intellect, were we stript of Flesh and Blood, and arriv'd at that perfect State the Saints above enjoy, then a bare abstraction of Thought, and orderly ranging of Idea's might serve the Turn. But while we continue such Beings as we are, while Blood, and Spirits, Imagination and Passion, make up a Part of our Nature, these must have their proper Objects and Incentives, or we shall scarcely engage in the Quest of Glory: For what are these but a Sort of Wings to the Soul? She may Creep, but will hardly Soar without them.

Now the great Business of Poetry (as every one knows) is to paint agreeable Pictures on

the Imagination, to actuate the Spirits, and give the Passions a Noble Pitch. All its daring Metaphors, surprising Turns, melting Accents, lofty Flights, and lively Descriptions, serve for this End: While we Read we feel a strange Warmth boyling within, the Blood dances through the Veins, Joy lightens in the Countenance, and we are insensibly led into a pleasing Captivity.

These are some of the genuine Effects of Poetry; so that without all question it may be of excellent Use to Mankind, may improve our Souls, and serve as a powerful Charm to deter us from Vice, and engage us on the side of Wisdom and Virtue.

But then for the same Reason it can't be deny'd that it may be equally Pernicious. Profane and Leud Poetry is one of the greatest Incentives to Wickedness in the World, like the Syren's Melody, while it Charms it Kills us. Vice is a deform'd and odious thing, and if expos'd Naked, wou'd have but few Admirers; it owes all its Luster to false Colours, and these it chiefly borrows from the Poets; 'tis they that smooth the Monster's Brow, and make her Smile, that conceal her Defects, and set her off to the greatest Advantage. How many, who wou'd have started at the open Face of Vice, have been entic'd into its Fatal Embraces by means of those bewitching Disgui-

Diſguiſes that Poetry has beſtow'd on it?

Who that has any Concern for Religion, or the Happineſs of Mankind, can conſider without Melancholy, what Store of profane and leud Poetry theſe late Times have produc'd, how much 'tis valued, and what great Miſchief is done by it? What Numbers of Plays, and other Books of Poetry and Gallantry, are daily expos'd to Sale, which beſides the Wit (pity ſo Excellent a Thing ſhould be employ'd to ſuch ſorry Purpoſes) contain nothing but Fewel for Mens Corruptions? That burleſque Religion, defie its Author, and turn the moſt ſerious Things into fulſom Ridicule? Vice here rides Triumphant, has forgot to bluſh, and puts on that Air of Confidence which Truth and Virtue ſhould only appear in: One would think theſe had reſign'd up all their Authority to it, and acknowledg'd Vice to be the more Noble and Excellent Thing. The Heathens are at length conquer'd by us, Ancient Rome *muſt give Place to* London; *and ſhould the Poets and Comedians of thoſe Days return again, they'd freely own themſelves outmatch'd by Chriſtians, and wonder at our Improvements in all the Arts of Wickedneſs. 'Tis ſtrange, as well as deplorable, to ſee what Credit the Leudeſt Authors obtain among us; how faſt their Infection ſpreads, and how fond Men are of the Inſtruments of their Ruine. Theſe*

are

are the Famous Volumes that crowd the Press, and enrich the Printer and Bookseller! Books of a contrary Strain, tho' their Subjects are never so Noble, and they are Writ with a great deal of Sense and Wit, go off but dully, they want the most Charming Accomplishment, and don't agree (God forgive us) with the Taste of this refin'd Age! To such a Degree of Degeneracy are we grown; and these are the dismal Effects of Loose and Impious Authors! While War makes Havock abroad, the Stage ruins at home, and proves more Fatal to Mens Souls, than that to their Bodies; the Contagion spreads wide, our Guilt cries lowd, and, like a mighty Deluge, threatens to overwhelm us,

'Tis hop'd however our Condition is not desperate: The Disease is deplorable, but may admit of a Cure. Virtue has still her Champions and Admirers, who are not asham'd of her despis'd Cause, nor dread to stem the Threatning Torrent. Some faint Dawnings of Reformation seem to appear, and things begin to recover a better Aspect than formerly. Mr. Collier *(to whom the Age can never be sufficiently grateful) has given the Stage such a Blow, as in time I'm perswaded will Ruine or Reform it. The very Answers to his Writings do but add to his Triumphs, and lowdly confess what feeble Arguments Vice is supported*

ted with. Truth and Virtue are unconquerable; tho' long Oppreſs'd and Smother'd, they'll at length break forth afreſh, and ſhine in all their Native Luſtre and Beauty. Happy! Shou'd our Days afford ſuch a Proſpect as this. Should it be told to Poſterity, that theſe Times ſaw Vice Confounded, and Virtue ſit Enthron'd on the Ruine of Impiety. Nor have we any Cauſe to deſpair of it, ſince we have a Queen, who is the Glory of Princes as well as of her Sex: A Queen, who not only ſeverely reproves Vice by her ſhining Example, but has often declar'd her high Indignation againſt it; and who has already, by her Prudent Commands, given an Effectual Check to ſome of the Diſorders of the Theatre: Her Majeſty, while ſhe confounds her Enemies Abroad, by the Thunder of her Arms, by her Gentle and Pious Government ſcatters ample Bleſſings on her Subjects at Home.

Gives Glorious Morals to a Vicious Age,
To Temples Zeal, and Manners to the Stage,
Bids the Chaſte Muſe without a Bluſh appear,
And Wit be that which Heaven and ſhe may hear.

[*Prologue ſpoke at Court before the Queen on her Majeſty's Birth-Day*, 1703-4.]

We

We are bless'd also with several truly Great Men, both in Church and State. Great I mean, not so much on the Account of their Dignity as Deserts. Men who seem rais'd up on purpose for some Glorious Work! who are govern'd by Generous Principles, and shew how great Moderation in ev'ry thing, unless in opposing Vice, Bigottry, and Persecution. So that considering these things, may'nt we one Day hope to see a Glorious Reformation?

One great Obstacle that lyes still in the Way is, That there are so many Men of Extraordinary Sense and Wit engag'd in the Cause of Irreligion. Wou'd these but once desert the Sorry Cause they have espous'd, and come over to the Side of Virtue, wou'd they shew but half that Zeal in advancing Religion, they have unhappily done in discarding it, the desir'd Work wou'd go on Gloriously; for certainly they who can set off Vice with Advantage, and give Sin itself an agreeable Prospect, might far more easily recommend Virtue; might with far less Pains reform the World, than they are at to ruine it.

Virtue is in itself Excellent and Charming, and wants but a little Art to render it Victorious. Wou'd but our great Genius's then employ their Pens in its Service, and by a good Life, witness their Sincerity, what a

Happy

Happy Change ſhould we ſoon ſee! How wou'd they attract the Attention of Mankind? What Force or Art wou'd be able to withſtand ſuch skilful Advocates when employ'd in ſo good a Cauſe? How faſt wou'd Vice loſe Ground, and Bluſh at her own Deformity? How wou'd the ſoft and moving Strains of Poetry tame the Savage, inſpire the Stupid, melt the Cruel, quench the Flames of Luſt, and blow up the pure Flames of Devotion! Theſe wou'd be the certain Effects of Divine and Virtuous Poetry. May the Wits of the Nation at length make the Experiment, and ſo bleſs the World and themſelves together.

Thus now I have deliver'd my Mind with ſome Warmth and Freedom, but the Importance of the Thing I preſume will ſufficiently excuſe me; not that I expect to eſcape uncenſur'd, this were to betray my Ignorance of the Age we live in: But 'tis better I think to ſuffer Man's Judgment than God's, better be cenſur'd for defending Religion, than for being a Traitor to its Cauſe. This is what however pleaſes me. My ſevereſt Cenſurers (unleſs more hardned Sinners than Rocheſter *himſelf) will when Death approaches them alter their Opinion, and wiſh, with me, they had been faithful to God, and to their Conſciences; they'll give a World then to live over thoſe*

precious

precious Minutes again, which are now spent perhaps in the wildest Extravagancies. Virtue will then appear to them in all its Charms, and Vice in all its Deformity; and they'll be at length sadly convinc'd, that such are the only Wise and Happy Men, who fear God, and live as the Heirs of Glory and Immortality.

It remains now that a Word or Two be said concerning the Collection the World is here presented with; 'tis partly borrow'd from Authors, and partly New. The Authors are Men of unquestionable Reputation in these Matters; the Poems were dispers'd thro' several Volumes, and most of them mix'd with others of a quite different Nature, so that though Printed already, they cou'd come into but very few Hands, and will be altogether New to most People. Our Poets have so little employ'd their Talents on Divine Subjects, that their numerous Volumes afford not Poems enough of that Nature to furnish out one Octavo, *and for this Reason we have added several New Copies, which make up about half the Book. 'Tis hop'd these will be no Disgrace to the rest. May the whole be attended with God's Blessing, and help to revive languishing Piety among us.*

DIVINE

DIVINE HYMNS AND POEMS.

HYMN I.

I.

THE Glorious Armies of the Sky
To thee, O mighty King!
Triumphant Anthems consecrate
And Hallelujahs sing.

II.

But still their most exalted Flights
Fall vastly short of thee;
How distant then must human Praise
From thy Perfections be!

III.

Yet how, my God, ſhall I refrain,
When to my raviſh'd Senſe
Each Creature in their various Ways
Diſplay thy Excellence?

IV.

The active Lights that ſhine above,
In their eternal Dance,
Reveal their skilful Maker's Praiſe
With ſilent Elegance.

V.

The Bluſhes of the Morn confeſs
That thou art much more fair,
When in the Eaſt its Beams revive
To gild the Fields of Air.

VI.

The fragrant, the refreſhing Breath
Of ev'ry flow'ry Bloom,
In balmy Whiſpers own from thee
Their pleaſing Odours come.

VII.

The ſingle Birds, the warbling Winds,
And Waters murm'ring fall,
To praiſe the firſt Almighty Cauſe
With diff'rent Voices call.

VIII. Thy

VIII.

Thy numerous Works exalt thee thus,
And ſhall I ſilent be?
No, rather let me ceaſe to breathe,
Than ceaſe from praiſing thee.

HYMN II.

I.

BEgin the high celeſtial Strain,
My raviſh'd Soul, and ſing
A ſolemn Hymn of grateful Praiſe
To Heaven's Almighty King.

II.

Ye curling Fountains, as you rowl
Your ſilver Waves along,
Whiſper to all your verdant Shores
The Subject of my Song.

III.

Retain it long, you ecchoing Rocks,
The ſacred Sound retain,
And from your hollow winding Caves
Return it oft again.

IV.

Bear it ye Winds on all your Wings
To diſtant Climes away,
And round the wide-extended World
My lofty Theme convey.

V.

Take the glad Burden of his Name,
Ye Clouds, as you ariſe,
Whether to deck the golden Morn,
Or ſhade the Evening Skies.

VI.

Let harmleſs Thunders rowl along
The ſmooth etherial Plain,
And anſwer from the chryſtal Vault
To ev'ry flying Strain.

VII.

Long let it warble round the Spheres,
And eccho thro' the Sky,
Till Angels with immortal Skill
Improve the Harmony.

VIII.

While I with ſacred Rapture fir'd
The bleſt Creator ſing,
And warble conſecrated Lays
To Heav'n's Almighty King.

HYMN III.

I.

THou didſt, O mighty God, exiſt
E'er Time begun its Race,
Before the ample Elements
Fill'd up the Voids of Space.

II.

Before the pond'rous earthly Globe
In fluid Air was ſtaid,
Before the Ocean's mighty Springs
Their liquid Stores diſplay'd.

III.

E'er thro' the Gloom of ancient Night
The Streaks of Light appear'd,
Before the high celeſtial Arch,
Or ſtarry Poles were rear'd.

IV.

Before the loud melodious Spheres
Their tuneful Round begun,
Before the ſhining Roads of Heav'n
Were meaſur'd by the Sun.

V.

E'er thro' the Empirean Courts
One Hallelujah rung,
Or to their Harps the Sons of Light
Extatick Anthems ſung.

VI.

E'er Men ador'd, or Angels knew,
Or prais'd thy wondrous Name,
Thy Bliſs (O ſacred Spring of Life!)
And Glory was the ſame.

VII.

And when the Pillars of the World
With ſudden Ruine break,
And all this vaſt and goodly Frame
Sinks in the mighty Wreck;

VIII.

When from her Orb the Moon ſhall ſtart,
Th' aſtoniſh'd Sun rowl back,
While all the trembling ſtarry Lamps
Their ancient Courſe forſake;

IX.

For ever Permanent and Fix'd,
From Agitation free,
Unchang'd, in everlaſting Years
Shall thy Exiſtence be.

HYMN IV.

I.

TO thee, my God, I hourly ſigh,
But not for golden Stores;
Nor covet I the brighteſt Gemms
On the rich Eaſtern Shores.

II.

Nor that deluding empty Joy
Men call a mighty Name,
Nor Greatneſs in its gayeſt Pride
My reſtleſs Thoughts inflame.

III.

Nor Pleaſure's ſoft enticing Charms
My fond Deſires allure;
For greater things than theſe from thee
My Wiſhes wou'd ſecure.

IV.

Thoſe bliſsful, thoſe tranſporting Smiles
That brighten Heav'n above,
The boundleſs Riches of thy Grace,
And Treaſures of thy Love.

V.

These are the mighty things I crave,
O make these Blessings mine,
And I the Glories of the World
Contentedly resign.

HYMN V.

I.

IN vain the dusky Night retires,
And sullen Shadows fly:
In vain the Morn with purple Light
Adorns the Eastern Sky.

II.

In vain the gawdy rising Sun
The wide Horizon gilds,
Comes glitt'ring o'er the silver Streams,
And chears the dewy Fields.

III.

In vain dispensing vernal Sweets
The Morning Breezes Play;
In vain the Birds with chearful Songs
Salute the new-born Day;

IV.

In vain, unleſs my Saviour's Face
  Theſe gloomy Clouds controul,
And diſſipate the ſullen Shades
  That preſs my drooping Soul.

V.

Oh! viſit then thy Servant, Lord,
  With Favour from on high,
Ariſe, my bright, immortal Sun,
  And all theſe Shades will die.

VI.

When, when, ſhall I behold thy Face
  All radiant and ſerene,
Without theſe envious dusky Clouds
  That make a Veil between?

VII.

When ſhall that long expected Day
  Of ſacred Viſion be,
When my impatient Soul ſhall make
  A near Approach to thee.

A PARAPHRASE *on* John iii. 16.

By a Young Lady.

For God so loved the World, that he gave his only Begotten Son, &c.

I.

YES, so God lov'd the World; but where
Are this great Love's Dimensions?
Ev'n Angels stop, for baffled here
Are their vast Apprehensions.
In vain they strive to grasp the boundless Thing;
Not all their Comments can explain the mighty
Truth I sing.

II.

Yet still they pause on the Contents
Of this amazing Story;
How he that fill'd the wide Extents
Of uncreated Glory:
He whom the Heav'n of Heav'ns cou'd not contain,
Shou'd yet within the Sacred Maid's contracted
Womb remain.

III. They

III.

They ſee him born, and hear him weep,
To aggravate their Wonder,
Whoſe awful Voice had ſhook the Deep,
And breath'd his Will in Thunder:
That awful Voice chang'd to an Infant's Cry,
Whilſt in a feeble Woman's Arms he ſeems
conſtrain'd to lye.

IV.

A God (Ah! where are are human Boaſts?)
Extended in a Manger!
The Lord of all the heav'nly Hoſts
Expos'd to Scorn and Danger!
The Only Bleſt, the All-ſufficient weeps,
But oh! who guides the ſtagg'ring World while
its Protector ſleeps?

V.

And canſt thou Man ungrateful prove?
When 'twas for thy Salvation
He left thoſe ſplendid Seats above,
His late bright Habitation,
Where all his Deity ſhone without th' Allay
Of a ſeraphick Vehicle, or deficated Clay.

VI.

Where he tranſcendently poſſeſs'd
The Fulneſs of Perfection,

Tho' here benighted and oppreſt,
The Type of all Dejection.
He asks for Food that gave the Ravens Bread,
And the great Founder of the World wants
where to lay his Head.

VII.

But oh! what dark Cataſtrophe
Does Hell at laſt conſpire!
Behold upon the curſed Tree
The Lord of Life expire:
From this amaz'd the Sun withdraws his Eye,
Afraid to ſee his Maker bleed, and the Eternal
die.

VIII.

The Seraphim that throng'd about
'Twixt Hope and Conſternation,
Now blaze the wond'rous News about
The radiant Corporation;
Who vainly ſtrive the Myſtery to ſcan,
And fathom the ſtupendious Depth of this great
Love to Man.

IX.

He on the Rights of Juſtice ſtood
With their exalted Nature,
That now thro' Streams of ſacred Blood
Wafts the terreſtrial Creature,

Wafts

Wafts dusty Man to that Felicity
Which the Apostate Sons of Light must never
hope to see.

A PARAPHRASE *on the* 148*th* Psalm.

By the Earl of *Roscommon.*

Written at Twelve Years of Age.

O Azure Vaults! O Crystal Sky!
The World's transparent Canopy,
Break your long Silence, and let Mortals know
With what Contempt you look on Things
below.

Wing'd Squadrons of the God of War,
Who conquer wheresoe'er you are,
Let ecchoing Anthems make his Praises known
On Earth his Footstool, as in Heav'n his Throne.

Great Eye of all, whose glorious Ray
Rules the bright Empire of the Day,
O praise his Name, without whose purer Light
Thou hadst been hid in an Abyss of Night.

Ye

Ye Moon and Planets, who diſpenſe
By God's Command your Influence,
Reſign to him, as your Creator, due,
That Veneration which Men pay to you.

Faireſt as well as firſt of Things,
From whom all Joy, all Beauty ſprings,
O praiſe th' Almighty Ruler of the Globe,
Who uſeth thee for his Imperial Robe.

Praiſe him ye loud harmonious Spheres,
Whoſe Sacred Stamp all Nature bears,
Who did all Forms from the rude Chaos draw,
And whoſe Command is th' univerſal Law.

Ye watry Mountains of the Sky,
And you ſo far above our Eye,
Vaſt ever-moving Orbs exalt his Name,
Who gave its Being to your glorious Frame.

Ye Dragons, whoſe contagious Breath
Peoples the dark Retreats of Death,
Change your fierce Hiſſing into joyful Song,
And praiſe your Maker with your forked Tongue.

Praiſe him ye Monſters of the Deep,
That in the Sea's vaſt Boſom Sleep,

At whoſe Command the foaming Billows roar,
Yet know their Limits, tremble and adore.

Ye Miſts and Vapours, Hail and Snow,
And you who thro' the Concave blow,
Swift Executers of his holy Word,
Whirlwinds and Tempeſts, praiſe th' Almighty Lord.

Mountains who to your Maker's View
Seem leſs than Mole-hills do to you.
Remember how, when firſt *Jehovah* ſpoke,
All Heav'n was Fire, and *Sinai* hid in Smoke.

Praiſe him ſweet Off-ſpring of the Ground
With Heav'nly Nectar yearly crown'd,
And ye tall Cedars celebrate his Praiſe,
That in his Temple Sacred Altars raiſe.

Idle Muſicians of the Spring,
Whoſe only Care's to love and ſing,
Fly thro' the World, and let your trembling Throat
Praiſe your Creator with the ſweeteſt Note.

Praiſe him each ſalvage, furious Beaſt,
That on his Stores do daily feaſt,
And you tame Slaves of the laborious Plow,
Your weary Knees to your Creator bow.

Majeſtick

Majeſtick Monarchs, Mortal Gods,
Whoſe Pow'r hath here no Periods,
May all Attemps againſt your Crown be vain,
But ſtill remember by whoſe Pow'r you reign.

Let the wide World his Praiſes ſing,
Where *Tagus* and *Euphrates* ſpring,
And from the *Danube*'s froſty Banks to thoſe
Where from an unknown Head great *Nilus* flows.

You that diſpoſe of all our Lives,
Praiſe him from whom your Pow'r derives;
Be true and juſt like him, and fear his Word,
As much as Malefactors do your Sword.

Praiſe him old Monuments of Time:
O praiſe him in your youthful Prime.
Praiſe him fair Idols of our greedy Senſe,
Exalt his Name ſweet Age of Innocence.

Jehovah's Name ſhall only laſt,
When Heaven, Earth, and all is paſt;
Nothing, Great God, is to be found in thee
But unconceivable Eternity.

Exalt O *Jacob*'s ſacred Race,
The God of Gods, the God of Grace,
Who will above the Stars your Empire raiſe,
And with his Glory recompenſe your Praiſe.

TE DEUM

PARAPHRASED

By Mr. DENNIS.

I.

A Long Adieu to mortal Lays,
Our Voice t'immortal Heights we raiſe,
And ſing the great Creator's Praiſe;
Thy Praiſe, O God, thy boundleſs Praiſe,
In more than human Sounds we ſing,
O for an Angel's tow'ring Wing!
O! Rather for thy Spirit to ſuſtain
Each matchleſs Strain,
That it may reach Eternal Heights,
And in its lofty, daring Flights,
The Heaven of Heavens may ſcale,
Raiſe all your Voices, ſtrike your Strings,
'Tis God, 'tis God we ſing;
Sound all and cry with one accord,
Hail thou Supream of Things!
The World's great Author Hail!
Hail Infinite Eternal King,
The God above all Heights ador'd!

The

We all confeſs, and all obey,
Proſtrate, and low, and trembling, all
Before thy dreadful Majeſty we fall,
Acknowledging thy boundleſs Sway.

II.

Such Homage to their Eaſtern Kings
The *Indian* and the *Perſian* brings:
But Eaſtern Kings [alas] to thee
Vain Fantoms are of Royalty,
That with a falſe, deluſive, Pow'r
Appear and vaniſh in an Hour.
For thee what Homage ſhall we find?
Infinite, Independant, Mind.
What Homage worthy of the God
That can unmake us with a Nod?
Look from thy awful Throne on High,
And with thy Omnipreſent Eye
Into our Souls Receſſes pry:
There ſee a Homage worthy thee,
Worthy Eternal Majeſty,
See profound Humility;
See Souls entirely mortify'd,
Down ſenſleſs Vanity and Pride;
Vile as thou art vain Man appear,
Behold Omnipotence is here.
When he who only is, when he
Appears, what Worms, what Mites, are we!
Nay, we are not, we only ſeem,
We're ſcarce a Shadow, ſcarce a Dream,

A ſenſleſs Dream of what is not,
That paſſes and is ſtrait forgot.
Thou only art, for what thou art
Thou always wilt be, always wert;
For thou art Permanent and Fix'd,
Uncreated, and Unmix'd;
The radiant Heavens, and rowling Earth,
Owe to thee their wondrous Birth;
Thou of Ten Thouſand Worlds art Lord,
And art by every World ador'd;
They all confeſs thy Pow'r Divine,
For thee they move, for thee they ſhine,
And every World's for ever thine.

III.

And this great Planet Earth, which rowls
Inceſſantly around its Poles,
And till the End of Time muſt run
Its Giant Race about the Sun;
And moving round the Lamp of Day,
O'ertake the Seaſons in its way,
While ſlanting in its oblique Flight,
It ſhortens or prolongs the Night;
Thee Motion's Fountain, and its Source,
It worſhips in its endleſs Courſe;
Thee while it turns about the Sphere,
Accompliſhing the mighty Year,
Its great Creator thee it ſerves,
And thy eternal Laws obſerves.

Crea-

Creatures to whom great Mother Earth,
Fermented by thy Flame, gave Birth;
All that on *Lybian* Mountains Roar,
Or Flounder on the *Indian* Shore;
All that in airy Caravans on high,
Intelligent of Seasons fly,
Thro' the vast Deserts of th' Aerial Sky,
All to their Maker Adoration pay,
All constantly thy several Laws obey,
Which their distinguish'd Tribes and different Nations sway.
Their Seasons pre-ordain'd by thee they know,
At thy Command they come, at thy Command they go.

IV.

None but irregular Man thy rightful Sway,
Impious irregular Man dares disobey;
Yet impious Man too thee adores,
Thee from *Cathaian* to *Peruvian* Shores,
With nameless Rights, unnumber'd Tongues,
He every Hour implores.
Before thy Feet Earth's numerous Kingdoms all,
Before thy Feet a Thousand Monarchs fall,
And thee their everlasting Father call.
And thus they cry, thy potent Breath,
Our great Forefather call'd from more than Death.

When

When thou ſaidſt let him be, the Sound
Drew him wond'ring from the Ground;
Before thee low the World's great Rulers bow,
Thou art our God, our mighty Maker thou,
Thou Form'dſt us at the firſt, and thou ſuſtain'ſt us now.

V.

Now let us Earth and Earthly things diſdain,
Now let us try a loftier Strain,
Now let our Souls to Heaven repair,
Direct their moſt aſpiring Flight,
To Fields of uncreated Light,
And dare to draw Empyreal Air.
'Tis done, Oh, Place divinely bright!
Oh, Sons of God divinely Fair!
Oh Sight! Unutterable Sight!
Oh, unconceivable Delight!
Oh Joy, which only Gods can bear!
Hark how their bliſsful Notes they raiſe,
And ſing th' Eternal Maker's Praiſe;
How in extatick Song they Cry,
Lo we the glorious Sons of Light,
So Great, ſo Beautiful, ſo Bright!
Lo we the brighteſt of Created things,
Who are all Flame, all Force, all Spirit, and all Eye,
Are yet but vile, and nothing in thy Sight.
Before thy Feet, O mighty King of Kings!

O Maker of this boundleſs All !
Thus lowly Reverent we fall !
Thou know'ſt how many of us fell,
To loweſt Shame and loweſt Hell ;
But thou art Holy, thou, O Lord,
Art only fit to be Implor'd,
Of Sacred Sabbath, God Ador'd !
And thus they paſs Eternity,
To thee all Angels in the Sky,
And all Archangels loudly Cry ;
The mighty Cherubim,
Anſwer the flaming Seraphim,
Holy, continually they Cry !
O Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord,
Of Sacred Sabboth God Ador'd.
From them Dominions catch the bliſsful Song,
And Thrones the glorious Fugue prolong!
Holy continually they Cry,
Th' Harmonious Thunder rowls along the Skies,
And to the Golden Orbs it flies.
The vaſt Intelligences all on Fire,
With flaming Zeal compleat th' immortal Quire ;
To ſing the great Creator all conſpire ;
All Ranks divinely touch the living Lyre :
O Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord,
Of Sacred Sabbath, God Ador'd !
Holy th' imperial Spirits cry,
Holy the Regents of the Orbs reply.

To

To the great Strain they tune their Spheres,
And raviſh even immortal Ears:
And all th' harmonious Worlds on high
Accompany the Song Divine,
And in th' eternal Chorus join.

VI.

Thus thee they always worſhip, all
Thee God of Sacred Sabbath call.
For thou haſt been of holy Reſt,
From vaſt Eternity poſſeſt.
When all in yon created Maſs
Does but appear, and move, and paſs;
All moves, all fluctuates, without End,
But Spirits that on thine depend.
Yon glorious Worlds, that floating lye,
In the profound Abyſs of Sky,
In Matter's ſtormy Gulph are toſt,
Till in a flaming Wreck they're loſt.
We that ſo far with Angels Ken can Trace
Thy Godlike Works along the boundleſs Space,
See Nought from endleſs Agitation free,
But thee, the Great, th' Eternal Mover, thee.
Even we are mov'd, even we are toſt
In bliſsful Rapture almoſt loſt,
Even we ſometimes almoſt complain,
Of Tranſports that are near to Pain,
Which without thee we never could ſuſtain.
Thou mov'ſt us all, yet ever bleſt,
Alone enjoy'ſt perpetual Reſt:

Thy

Thy great All-seeing Eyes ne'er Sleep;
And yet for everlasting Days
They Sabbath, Sacred Sabbath, keep;
The wondrous Subject of our Praise.
But who, tho' mounted on an Angel's Wing,
Can ever hope to raise his Flight
To such a tow'ring, such a Godlike Height,
As thee with equal Song to sing?
Thee over all the Worlds Supream,
Who must not flag beneath th' Almighty Theme.
Where-e'er at utmost Stretch we cast our Eyes,
Thro' the vast frightful Spaces of the Skies,
Even there we find thy Glory, there we gaze
On thy bright Majesty's unbounded Blaze:
Ten Thousand Suns, prodigious Globes of Light
At once in broad Dimensions strike our Sight.
Millions behind, in the remoter Skies
Appear but Spangles to our wearied Eyes:
And when our weary'd Eyes want farther Strength,
To pierce the Void's immeasurable Length,
Our vigorous tow'ring Thoughts still further fly,
And still remoter flaming Worlds descry:
But even an Angel's comprehensive Thought
Cannot extend so far as thou hast wrought;
Our vast Conceptions are by Swelling brought,
Swallow'd and lost in Infinite to Nought.

HYMN

HYMN *on the Sacrament.*

By an unknown Hand.

I.

AND art thou mine, my deareſt Lord?
Then I have all, nor fly
The boldeſt Wiſhes I can form
Unto a Pitch more high.

II.

Yes, thou art mine, the Contract's ſeal'd
With thy own precious Blood;
And e'en Almighty Power's engag'd
To ſee it all made good.

III.

My Fears diſſolve: For O what more
Cou'd ſtudious Bounty do?
What farther mighty Proofs are left
Unbounded Love to ſhew?

IV.

My Faith's confirm'd, nor wou'd I quit
My Title to thy Love
For all the valu'd things below,
Or ſhining things above.

V.

Nor at the proſp'rous Sinner's State
Do I at all repine;
No, let 'em parcel out the Earth,
While Heav'n and thou art mine.

A PASTORAL *on the Nativity of our Saviour, in Imitation of an* Italian *Paſtoral.*

By Mrs. SINGER.

Menalcas.

SOme mighty things theſe awful Signs portend!
Amaz'd, we ſee new Stars the Skies aſcend;
A thouſand ſtrange uſurping Lights appear,
And dart their ſudden Glories thro' the Air;
A dazz'ling Day without the Sun returns,
And thro' the Midnight's dusky Horror burns.

Palemon.

And in the Depth of Winter Spring appears,
For lo! the Ground a ſudden Verdure wears;
The op'ning Flow'rs diſplay their gaudi'ſt Dye,
And ſeem with all the Summer's Pride to vie.

Ura-

Uranio.

Nor without Myſt'ry are theſe Joys that rowl
In Torrents thro' my now prophetick Soul,
And ſoftly whiſper to my raviſh'd Breaſt,
That more than all the Tribes the Race of *Judah*'s bleſt.

Menalcas.

But ſee the Eaſtern Skies diſcloſe a Light
Beyond the Noontide's flaming Glories bright;
This Way its Courſe the ſaered Viſion bends,
And with much State and ſolemn Pomp deſcends.
Sonorous Voices eccho from afar,
And ſoftly warble thro' the trembling Air:
The circling Spheres the charming Sound prolong,
And anſwer all the Cadence of their Song:
And now the ſacred Harmony draws near,
And now a Thouſand heav'nly Forms appear.

Angels.

Immortal Glory give to God on High,
Thro' all the lofty Stations of the Sky;
Let Joy on Earth, and endleſs Peace enſue,
The Great Meſſiah's born, thrice happy Men to you.

Uranio.

The Great Meſſiah born! Tranſporting Sound!
To the wide World ſpread the bleſt Accents round.
What Joy theſe long-expected Tidings bring!
To us is born a Saviour and a King.

Angels.

An Infant in a Virgin's Arms he lyes
Who rides the Winds, and thunders thro' the Skies;
The God to whom the flaming Seraphs bow,
Deſcends to lead the Life of Mortals now.

Menalcas.

——— Surprizing Pow'r of Love!
Ev'n God himſelf thy mighty Force does prove;
Thou rul'ſt the World below, and govern'ſt all above!

Palemon.

You ſhining Meſſengers be farther kind,
And tell us where the wondrous Child to find.

Angels.

Your glad Conductors to the Place we'll be
Eager as you this myſtick Thing to ſee.

Ura-

Uranio.

Some Preſent to the Infant King let's bear,
For Zeal ſhou'd always liberal appear.

Angels.

Come on, we'll lead you to the poor bode,
Where in a Manger lives th' Incarnate God,
Reduc'd to lodge among the ſordid Beaſt,
Who all the ſpacious Realms of Light poſſeſs'd;
And he whoſe humble Miniſters we were,
Becomes a tender Virgin's helpleſs Care.
Thro' Heav'n but now the haſty Tidings rung,
And Anthems on the wond'rous Theme they
ſung.

Palemon.

But to what happy Maid of human Race
Has Heav'n allotted this peculiar Grace?

Angels.

Ye ecchoing Skies repeat *Maria's* Name,
Maria thro' the ſtarry Worlds proclaim.
In her bright Face celeſtial Graces ſhine,
Her Mind's enrich'd with Treaſures all divine,
From *David's* Royal Houſe deſcends her noble
Line.
But ſee the humble Seat, the poor Abode,
That holds the Virgin with the Infant God.

Menalcas.

Thee, Virgin-born, thus proſtrate I adore,
And offer here the Choice of all my Store.
Untill'd the Earth ſhall now vaſt Harveſts yield,
And laughing Plenty crown the open Field.
Clear Rivers in the Deſarts ſhall be ſeen,
And barren Waſtes cloath'd in eternal Green.
Inſtead of Thorns the ſtately Firr ſhall riſe,
And wave his lofty Head amidſt the Skies;
Where Thiſtles once, ſhall fragrant Myrtles grow,
The beauteous Roſe on ev'ry Buſh ſhall glow,
And from the purple Grape rich Wines unpreſs'd ſhall flow.

Palemon.

Great Star of *Jacob*, that ſo bright doſt riſe,
Turn, lovely Infant, thy auſpicious Eyes:
This ſoft and ſpotleſs Wooll to thee I bring,
My earlieſt Tribute to the new-born King.
With thee each ſacred Virtue takes its Birth,
And Peace and Juſtice now ſhall rule the Earth.
Thou ſhalt the Bliſs of Paradiſe reſtore,
And Wars and Tumults ſhall be heard no more.
The Wolf and Lamb ſhall now together feed,
And with the Ox the Lions ſavage breed.
The Child ſhall with the harmleſs Serpent play,
And lead unhurt the gentle Beaſt away.

And

And where the Sun aſcends the ſhining Eaſt,
And where he ends his Journey in the Weſt,
Thy glorious Name ſhall be ador'd and bleſt.

Uranio.

The Hope of *Iſrael* Hail—with humble Zeal
To thee unqueſtion'd Son of God, I kneel:
All hail to thee, of whom the Prophets old
Such mighty things to our Forefathers told.
Thy Kingdom ſhall from Sea to Sea extend,
And reach the ſpacious World's remoteſt End.
The ſpicy Iſle, and *Saba*'s wealthy King,
To thee from far ſhall coſtly Preſents bring.
Thy ſtedfaſt Throne ſhall ſtand for ever faſt,
And thy Dominion Time it ſelf outlaſt.
This gentle Lamb, the beſt my Flocks afford,
I bring an Off'ring to all Nature's Lord.

Angels.

And we the Regents of the Spheres, thus low
Before Mankind's illuſtrious Saviour bow,
Aſtoniſh'd, in an Infant's Form we ſee,
Diſguis'd th' ineffable Divinity,
Who arm'd with Thunder, on the Fields of Light
O'ercame the potent Seraphims in Fight.
Thus humbled—O unbounded Force of Love!
Subdu'd by that from all the Joys above,
Thou cam'ſt the wretched Life of Man to prove
And thus our ruin'd Numbers will ſupply,
And fill the Deſolations of the Sky.

MESSIAH:

A Sacred ECLOGUE, *compoſed of ſeveral Paſſages of* Iſaiah *the Prophet.*

Written in Imitation of Virgil's POLLIO.

YE Nymphs of *Solyma!* Begin the Song:
To heav'nly Themes ſublimer Strains belong.
The Moſſie Fountains and the Silvan Shades,
The Dreams of *Pindus*, and th' *Aonian* Maids
Delight no more——O thou my Voice inſpire
Who touch'd *Iſaiah*'s hallow'd Lips with Fire!
Rapt into future Times the Bard begun,
A Virgin ſhall conceive, a Virgin bear a Son.
From *Jeſſe*'s Root behold a Branch ariſe
Whoſe ſacred Flow'r with Fragrance fills the Skies.
Th' Etherial Spirit o'er its Leaves ſhall move,
And on its Top deſcends the Myſtick Dove.
Ye Heav'ns! from high the dewy Nectar pour,
And in ſoft Silence ſhed the kindly Show'r:

The

The ſick, the weak, the healing Plant ſhall aid,
From Storms a Shelter, and from Heat a Shade.
All Crimes ſhall ceaſe, and ancient Fraud ſhall fail,
Returning Juſtice lift aloft her Scale;
Peace o'er the World her Olive Wand extend,
And white-rob'd Innocence from Heav'n deſcend.
Swift fly the Years, and riſe th' expected Morn;
O ſpring to Light! Auſpicious Babe be born.
See Nature haſtes her earlieſt Wreaths to bring,
With all the Incenſe of the breathing Spring:
See lofty *Lebanon* his Head advance;
See nodding Forreſts on the Mountains dance:
See ſpicy Clouds from lovely *Saron* riſe,
And *Carmel*'s flow'ry Top perfumes the Skies!
Hark! a glad Voice the lonely Deſart chears;
Prepare the Way! a God, a God appears;
A God, a God, the vocal Hills reply,
The Rocks proclaim th'approaching Deity.
Lo Earth receives him from the bending Skies!
Sink down ye Mountains, and ye Valleys riſe:
With Heads declin'd, ye Cedars Homage pay;
Be ſmooth ye Rocks, ye rapid Floods give way!
The Saviour comes! by ancient Bards foretold;
Hear him ye deaf, and all ye blind behold!
He from thick Films ſhall purge the viſual Ray,
And on the ſightleſs Eye-ball pour the Day.
'Tis he th' obſtructed Paths of Sound ſhall clear,
And bid new Muſick charm th' infolding Ear.

The Dumb ſhall ſing, the Lame his Crutch forgo;
And leap exulting like the bounding Roe.
No Sigh, no Murmur the wide World ſhall hear,
From ev'ry Face he wipes off ev'ry Tear.
In Adamantine Chains ſhall Death be bound,
And Hell's grim Tyrant feel th' eternal Wound.
As the good Shepherd tends his fleecy Care,
Seeks freſheſt Paſture and the pureſt Air,
Explores the loſt, the wandring Sheep directs,
By Day o'erſees them, and by Night protects;
The tender Lambs he raiſes in his Arms,
Feeds from his Hand; and in his Boſom warms.
Thus ſhall Mankind his guardian Care engage,
The promis'd Father of the future Age.
No more ſhall Nation againſt Nation riſe,
Nor ardent Warriors meet with hateful Eyes,
Nor Fields with gleaming Steel be cover'd o'er
The Brazen Trumpets kindle Rage no more;
But uſeleſs Lances into Scythes ſhall bend,
And the broad Faulchion in a Plow-ſhear end.
Then Palaces ſhall riſe; the joyful Son
Shall finiſh what his ſhort-liv'd Sire begun;
Their Vines a Shadow to their Race ſhall yield,
And the ſame Hand that ſow'd ſhall reap the Field.

The

The Swains in barren Deſarts with ſurprize,
See Lillies ſpring, and ſudden Verdure riſe,
And ſtart amidſt the thirſty Wilds to hear
New Falls of Water mum'ring in his Ear:
On rifted Rocks, the Dragons late Abodes,
The green Reed trembles, and the Bulruſh nods.
Waſte ſandy Vallies, once perplext with Thorn,
The ſpiry Firr, and ſhapely Box adorn;
To leafleſs Shrubs the flow'ring Palms ſucceed,
And od'rous Myrtle to the noiſome Weed.
The Lambs with Wolves ſhall graze the verdant Mead,
And Boys in flow'ry Bands the Tyger lead;
The Steer and Lyon at one Crib ſhall meet,
And harmleſs Serpents lick the Pilgrim's Feet.
The ſmiling Infant in his Hand ſhall take
The creſted Baſilisk and ſpeckled Snake:
Pleas'd, the green Luſtre of the Scales ſurvey,
And with their forky Tongue and pointleſs Sting ſhall play;
Riſe, crown'd with Light, imperial *Salem* riſe,
Exalt thy tow'ry Head, and lift thy Eyes!
See a long Race thy ſpacious Courts adorn!
See future Sons and Daughters yet unborn,
In crouding Ranks on every ſide ariſe,
Demanding Life, impatient for the Skies!
See barb'rous Nations at thy Gates attend,
Walk in thy Light, and in thy Temple bend!

See thy bright Altars throng'd with proſtrate Kings,
And heap'd with Products of *Sabæan* Springs!
For thee *Idume*'s ſpicy Foreſts blow,
And Seed of Gold in *Ophir*'s Mountains glow.
See Heav'n its ſparkling Portals wide diſplay,
And break upon thee in Flood of Day!
No more the riſing Sun ſhall gild the Morn,
Nor Ev'ning *Cynthia* fill her ſilver Horn;
But loſt, diſſolv'd in thy ſuperior Rays,
One Tide of Glory, one unclouded Blaze
O'erflow thy Courts: The Light himſelf ſhall ſhine
Reveal'd, and God's eternal Day be thine!
The Seas ſhall waſte, the Skies in Smoke decay,
Rocks fall to Duſt, and Mountains melt away;
But fix'd his Word, his ſaving Pow'r remains,
Thy Realm for ever laſts, thy own *Meſſiah* reigns.

A PARAPHRASE *on* Rev. *Chap.* i. *from* v. 13. *to* v. 18.

By a Young Lady.

I.

WHO cou'd and yet outlive th' amazing Sight!
O who could ſtand the Streſs of ſo much Light!
Amidſt the golden Lamps the Viſion ſtood,
Form'd like a Man, with all the Awe and Luſtre of a God.

II.

A kingly Veſture cloath'd him to the Ground,
And radiant Gold his ſacred Breaſts ſurround,
But all too thin the Deity to ſhroud;
For Heav'nly Rays expreſly ſhone thro' the unable Cloud.

III.

His Head, his awful Head, was grac'd with Hair
As ſoft as Snow, as melted Silver fair;
And from his Eyes ſuch active Glories flow,
The conſcious Seraphs well might vail their dimmer Faces too.

IV. His

IV.

His Feet were ſtrong, and dreadful as his Port,
Worthy the godlike Form they did ſupport:
His Voice reſembled the Majeſtick Fall
Of mighty Waves: 'Twas Awful, Great, Divine, and Solemn, all.

V.

His pow'rful Hand a Starry Scepter held;
His Mouth a threatning two-edg'd Sword did wield;
His Face ſo wondrous, ſo divinely fair,
As all the glorious Lights above had been contracted there.

VI.

And now my fainting Spirits ſtrove in vain
The uncorrected Splendor to ſuſtain:
Unable longer ſuch bright Rays to meet,
I dy'd beneath the pond'rous Load at the great Viſion's Feet.

VII.

But he that doth the Springs of Life contain
Breath'd back my Soul, and bid me live again;
And thus began—but Oh with ſuch an Air
As nothing but a Pow'r Divine had made me live to hear.

VIII. From

VIII.

" From an unviewable Eternity
" I was, I am, and muſt for ever be :
" Once dead, but now an endleſs Life I gain,
" And over Death and Hell triumphant
" reign.

A PINDARICK ODE
ON THE
Paſſion of our SAVIOUR.

By Mr. NORRIS.

I.

SAY bold, licentious, Muſe,
What noble Subject wilt thou chuſe ?
Of what great Hero, of what mighty Thing,
Wilt thou in boundleſs Numbers ſing ?
Sing th' unfathom'd Depths of Love ;
For who the Wonders done by Love can tell,
By Love, which is it ſelf all Miracle ?
Here in vaſt endleſs Circles may'ſt thou rove,
And like the trav'ling Planet of the Day,
In an Orb unbounded Stray :

Sing

Sing the great Miracle of Love Divine,
Great be thy Genius, ſparkling ev'ry Line;
Love's greateſt Myſteries rehearſe,
Greater than that
Which on the teeming Chaos brooding ſat,
And hatch'd with kindly Heat the Univerſe.
How God in Mercy choſe to die,
To reſcue Man from Miſery;
Man, not his Creature only, but his Enemy.

II.

Lo in *Gethſemane* I ſeem him proſtrate lye,
Preſs'd with the Weight of his great Agony;
The common Sluices of his Eyes,
To vent his mighty Paſſion won't ſuffice;
His tortur'd Body weeps all o'er,
And out of every Pore
Buds forth a precious Gemm of purple Gore
How ſtrange the Power of Affliction's Rod,
When in the Hand of an incenſed God!
Like the commanding Wand,
In *Moſes* Hand,
It works a Miracle, and turns the Flood
Of Tears into a Sea of Blood.
See with what Pomp Sorrow does now appear,
How proud ſhe is of being ſeated here;
She never wore
So Rich a Dye before.
Long was he willing to decline
Th' Encounter of the Wrath Divine;

Thrice

Thrice he ſent for his Releaſe,
Pathetick Embaſſies of Peace;
At length his Courage overcame his Doubt,
Reſolv'd he was, and ſo the bloody Flag hung out.

III.

And now the Tragick Scene's diſplay'd,
Where drawn in full Battalia are laid
Before his Eyes
That numerous Hoſt of Miſeries
He muſt withſtand, that Map of Woe
Which he muſt undergo.
That heavy Wine-preſs muſt by him be trod,
The whole Artillery of God.
He ſaw that Face whoſe very Sight
Chears Angels with its beatifick Light,
Contracted now into a dreadful Frown,
All cloath'd with Thunder, big with Death,
And Showers of hot burning Wrath,
Which ſhortly muſt be poured down:
He ſaw a black and diſmal Scroul
Of Sins paſt, preſent, and to come,
With their intolerable Doom,
Which would the more oppreſs his ſpotleſs Soul,
As th' Elements are weighty prov'd,
When from their native Station they're remov'd.

He

He saw the foul Ingratitude of those
Who would the Labours of his Love oppose,
And reap no Benefit by all his Agonies.
He saw all this,
And as he saw, to waver he began,
And almost to repent of his great Love to Man.

IV.

When lo! a Heav'nly Form, all bright and fair,
Swifter than Thought shot thro' th' enlightn'd Air;
He who sits next th' Imperial Throne,
And reads the Counsels of the great Three-One,
Who in Eternity's mysterious Glass,
Saw both what is, what was, and what must come to pass;
He came with Reverence profound,
And rais'd his prostrate Maker from the Ground,
Wip'd off the bloody Sweat,
With which his Face and Garments too were wet,
And comforted his dark benighted Mind
With sov'reign Cordials of Light refin'd.
This done, with soft Addresses he began
To fortify his kind Designs for Man,
Unseal'd to him the Book of God's Decree,
And shew'd him what must be:

Alledg'd

Alledg'd the Truth of Prophecies,
Of Figures, Types and Myſteries:
How needful 'twas thus to ſupply
With human Race the Ruins of the Sky:
How this would new Acceſſion bring
To the Celeſtial Quire,
And how withal it would inſpire
New Matter for the Praiſe of the great King:
How he ſhould ſee the Travail of his Soul,
and bleſs
Thoſe Sufferings which had ſo good Succeſs:
How great the Triumph of his Victory:
How glorious his Aſcent would be:
What weighty Bliſs in Heav'n he ſhou'd obtain
By a few Hours of Pain,
Where to eternal Ages he ſhould reign.
He ſpake—confirm'd in Mind the Champion
ſtood,
A Sp'rit Divine
Thro' the thick Veil of Fleſh did ſhine;
All over Powerful he was, all over Good.
Pleas'd with his ſucceſsful Flight,
Th' officious Angel poſts away
To the bright Regions of eternal Day,
Departing in a Tract of Light:
In haſte for News the heavenly People ran,
And joy'd to hear the hopeful State of Man.

V. And

V.

And now that ſtrange prodigious Hour,
When God muſt Subject be to human Pow'r,
That Hour is come:
Th' unerring Clock of Fate has ſtruck,
'Twas heard below down to Hell's loweſt Room,
And ſtrait th' infernal Pow'rs th' appointed Signal took.
Open the Scene, my Muſe, and ſee
Wonders of Impudence and Villany:
How wicked mercenary Hands
Dare to Invade him whom they ſhould Adore;
With Swords and Staves encompaſs'd round he ſtands,
Who knew no other Guards than thoſe of Heaven before.
Once with his powerful Breath he did repel
The rude Aſſaults of Hell;
A Ray of his Divinity
Shot forth with that bold Anſwer, I am he.
They reel and ſtagger, and fall to the Ground,
For God was in the Sound.
The Voice of God was once again
Walking in the Garden heard,
And once again was by the guilty Hearers fear'd,
Trembling ſeiſed ev'ry Joint, and Chilneſs ev'ry Vein.

This

This little Victory he won,
Shew'd what he could have done.
But he to whom as Chief was giv'n,
The whole Militia of Heav'n;
That mighty He
Declines all Guards for his Defence,
But that of his inſeparable Innocence,
And quietly gives up his Liberty.
He's ſeiz'd on by the military Bands,
With Cords they bind his Sacred Hands;
But Ah how weak! What Nothings would they prove!
Were he not held by ſtronger ones of Love?

VI.

Once more my wearied Muſe thy Pinions try,
And reach the top of *Calvary*.
A ſteep Aſcent! But moſt to him who bore
The Burthen of a Croſs this Way before.
(The Croſs aſcends, there's ſomething in it ſure
That Moral is and Myſtical;
No Heights of Fortune are from thee ſecure,
Afflictions ſometimes climb as well as fall.)
Here breathe a while, and view
The doleful'ſt Picture Sorrow ever drew,
The Lord of Life, Heavn's darling Son,
The Great, th' Almighty One,
With out-ſtretch'd Arms nail'd to a curſed Tree,
Crown'd with ſharp Thorns, cover'd with Infamy.

He

He who before
So many Miracles had done,
The Lives of others to reſtore,
Does with a greater loſe his own.
Full three Hours long he did ſuſtain
Moſt exquiſite and poignant Pain:
So long the ſimpathizing Sun his light withdrew,
And wondered how the Stars their dying Lord could view.

VII.

This ſtrange Defect of Light
Does all the Sages in Aſtronomy affright
With Fears of an eternal Night:
Th' Intelligences in their Courſes ſtray,
And Travellers below miſtake their Way,
Wondring to be benighted in the midſt of Day:
Each Mind is ſeiz'd with Horror and Deſpair,
And more o'erſpread with Darkneſs than the Air.
Fear on, 'tis wondrous all and new,
'Tis what paſt Ages never knew,
Fear on, but yet you'll find
The great Eclipſe is ſtill behind;
The Luſtre of the Face Divine
Does on the mighty Sufferer no longer ſhine;

God

God hides his Glories from his Sight
With a thick Screen made of Hell's groſſeſt Night;
Cloſe wrought it was, and ſolid all,
Compacted, and ſubſtantial,
Impenetrable to th' Beatifick Light;
Without Complaint he bore
The Tortures he endur'd before;
But now no longer able to contain
Under the great Hyperbole of Pain,
He mourns, and with a ſtrong pathetick Cry,
Laments the ſad Deſertion of the Deity.
Here ſtop, my Muſe, ſtop and admire,
The Breather of all Life does now expire.
His milder Father ſummons him away;
His Breath obediently he does reſign;
Angels to Paradiſe his Soul convey,
And calm the Relicks of his Grief with Hymns Divine.

HYMN

ON

HEAVEN.

By an unknown Hand.

I.

HAIL ſacred *Salem* plac'd on High !
Seat of the mighty King,
What Thought can graſp thy boundleſs Bliſs ?
What Tongue thy Glories ſing ?

II.

Thy cryſtal Tow'rs and Palaces
Magnificently riſe,
And dart their beauteous Luſtre round
The Empirean Skies.

III.

The Voice of Triumph in thy Streets,
And Acclamations, ſound :
Gay Banquets in thy ſplendid Courts,
And Nuptial Joys abound.

IV. Bright

IV.

Bright Smiles on ev'ry Face appear,
Rapture in ev'ry Eye;
From ev'ry Mouth glad Anthems flow,
And charming Harmony.

V.

Illuſtrious Day for ever there,
Streams from the Face Divine:
No pale-fac'd Moon e'er glimmers forth,
Nor Stars, nor Sun, decline.

VI.

No ſearching Heats, no piercing Colds,
The changing Seaſons bring,
But o'er the Fields mild Breezes there
Breathe an Eternal Spring.

VII.

The Flow'rs with laſting Beauty ſhine,
And deck the ſmiling Ground,
While flowing Streams of Pleaſure all
The happy Plains ſurround.

Come, my Beloved, let us go forth into the Fields, let us lodge in the Villages. Cant. 7. 11.

I.

THou Object of my higheſt Bliſs,
And of my deareſt Love,
Come let us from this tireſome World,
And all its Cares remove.

II.

Among the murm'ring cryſtal Streams,
The Groves, and flow'ry Fields,
Let's try the Calm and Silent Joys
That bleſt Retirement yields.

III.

There, far from all the buſie World,
To thee alone I'll Live,
And taſte more Pleaſure in thy Smiles
Than all things elſe can give.

IV.

My pure Deſires, and holy Vows,
Shall Centre all in thee,
While ev'ry Hour to Sacred Love
Shall conſecrated be.

H Y M N.

I.

BEfore the roſie Dawn of Day
To thee my God, I'll Sing,
Awake my ſoft and tuneful Lyre,
Awake each charming String.

II.

Awake, and let thy flowing Strain
Glide through the Midnight Air,
While high amid'ſt her ſilent Orb
The ſilver Moon rouls clear.

III.

While all the glitt'ring Starry Lamps
Are lighted in the Sky,
And ſet their Maker's Greatneſs forth
To thy admiring Eye

IV.

While watchful Angels round the Juſt
As nightly Guardians wait,
In lofty Strains of grateful Praiſe
Thy Spirit elevate.

V.

Awake my ſoft and tuneful Lyre,
Awake each charming String,
Before the roſie Dawn of Day
To thee, my God, I'll Sing

VI.

Thou round the Heav'nly Arch doſt draw
A dark and ſable Veil,
And all the Beauties of the World
From mortal Eyes conceal.

VII.

Agen the Sky with golden Beams
Thy Skilful Hands adorn,
And Paint with chearful Splendor gay
The fair aſcending Morn.

VIII.

And as the gloomy Night returns,
Or ſmiling Day renews,
Thy conſtant Goodneſs ſtill my Soul
With Benefits purſues.

IX.

For this I'll midnight Vows to thee
With early Incenſe bring,
And e'er the roſie Dawn of Day
Thy lofty Praiſes ſing.

PSALM CXIV.

I.

WHen *Iſrael*, freed from *Pharaoh*'s Hand,
Left the proud Tyrant and his Land,
The Tribes with cheerful Homage own
Their King, and *Judah* was his Throne.

II.

Acroſs the Deep their Journey lay.
The Deep divides to make them way;
The Streams of *Jordan* ſaw, and fled
With backward Current to their Head.

III.

The Mountains ſhook like frighted Sheep,
Like Lambs, the little Hillocks leap;
Not *Sinai* on her Baſe could ſtand,
Conſcious of Sovereign Power at Hand.

IV.

What Power could make the Deep divide?
Make *Jordan* backward roll his Tide?
Why did ye leap, ye little Hills?
And whence the Fright that *Sinai* feels?

V.

Let every Mountain, every Flood
Retire, and know th' approaching God,
The King of *Iſrael*: See him here;
Tremble thou Earth, adore and fear.

VI.

He Thunders, and all Nature mourns;
The Rock to ſtanding Pools he turns;
Flints ſpring with Fountains at his Word,
And Fires and Seas confeſs their Lord.

A PARAPHRASE *on* John xxi. 17.

By a Young Lady.

YES, thou that knoweſt all, doſt know I
love thee,
And that I ſet no Idol up above thee,
To thy unerring Cenſure I appeal,
And thou that knoweſt all things ſure can'ſt
tell:
I love thee more than Life or Intereſt;
Nor haſt thou any Rival in my Breaſt:

I love

I love thee ſo that I could calmly bear
The Mocks of Fools, and bleſs my happy Ear,
Might I from thee but one kind Whiſper hear:
I love thee ſo that for a Smile of thine,
Might this and all the brighter Worlds be mine
I wou'd not pauſe, but with a noble Scorn,
At the unequal, ſlighted Offer, Spurn;
Yes, I to Fools theſe Trifles can reſign,
Nor envy them the World, whilſt thou art mine:
I love thee as my Centre, and can find
No Point beſides to ſtay my doubtful Mind;
Potent and uncontroul'd its Motions were,
Till fix'd in thee its only congruous Sphere:
Urg'd with a Thouſand ſpecious Baits I ſtood,
Diſpleas'd and Sighing for ſome diſtant Good
To calm its genuine Dictates——but betwixt
Them all, remain'd ſuſpended and unfixt.
I love thee ſo 'tis more than Death to be,
My Life, my Love, my All, depriv'd of thee;
Tis Hell, 'tis Horror, Shades and Darkneſs, then,
'Till thou unveil'ſt thy heav'nly Face agen:
I love thee ſo I'd kiſs the Dart ſhou'd free
My flutt'ring Soul, and ſend her up to thee.
O wou'dſt thou break her Chain, with what Delight
She'd ſpread her Wings, and bid the World good Night!

Scarce for my bright Conductors wou'd I
ſtay,
But lead thy flaming Miniſters the Way,
In their known Paſſage to eternal Day.
And yet the Climes of Light wou'd ſcarce
ſeem Fair,
Unleſs I met my bright Redeemer there,
Unleſs I there could view his charming Face,
And cope all Heaven in his dear Embrace.

The WISH.

By a young Lady.

WOu'd ſome kind Viſion repreſent to me
How Bright thy Streets, celeſtial *Salem!*
be,
I'd trace thy ſhining pearly Paths, and tell
How bleſt are thoſe that in thy Temple dwell.
How much more Bright than e'er proud *Phœbus*
ſhed
Are thoſe vaſt Rays, th' eternal Sun does
ſpread!
Cou'd I the Faireſt of ten Thouſand view,
Wou'd Angels me their Admiration ſhew,

I'd

I'd tell the Virgins, tell 'em o'er agen,
How Fair he look'd, to the black Sons of Men:
Might I (but Ah, while clogg'd with ſinful Fleſh,
In vain I breathe out the impatient Wiſh)
But have a Glimpſe of thoſe fair Fields above,
Where dreſt in Beams the ſhining Saints do move,
More Gay than all the fancy'd Shades of Love.
Where the true Sun of Glory ne'er declines,
But with unclouded Vigour always ſhines:
Where endleſs Smiles celeſtial Faces wear,
No Eye eclips'd with a rebellious Tear,
For Grief is an unheard-of Stranger there.

A DIALOGUE *between the fallen Angels and a humane Spirit juſt entred into the other World.*

By an unknown Hand.

Humane Spirit.

LOng ſtruggling in the Agonies of Death,
With Horror I reſign'd my mortal Breath
With Horror long the fatal Gulph I view'd,
And ſhiv'ring on its utmoſt Edges ſtood,

Till forc'd to take th' inevitable Leap,
I hurry'd headlong down the gloomy Steep:
And here of every Hope bereft, I find
My ſelf a naked, an unbody'd, Mind,
My lov'd, my fond, officious, Friends in vain
My fleeting Soul endeavour'd to retain;
In vain its blooming Manſion did invite,
Grandeur, and Wealth, and Love, and ſoft Delight,
With tempting Calls in vain its Flight would ſtay,
When forc'd by the ſevere Decree away.
'Tis paſt——and all like a thin Viſion gone,
For which I have my wetched Soul undone,
And wand'ring on this dark deteſted Shore,
My Eyes ſhall view the upper Light no more.

Fallen Angels.

Then welcome to the Regions of Deſpair,
Thy Ruin coſt us much Deſign and Care,
And thou hadſt 'ſcap'd but for one happy Snare,
And in the bliſsful Skies ſupply'd the Place
Of ſome fall'n Spirit of our nobler Race;
Thou cou'dſt the Thirſt of Wine or Wealth controul,
And no malicious Sin has ſtain'd thy Soul,
But for the Joys of one forbidden Love
Haſt loſt the boundleſs Extaſies above.

Humane

Humane Spirit.

And all was freely, freely all was loſt;
How Dear has one ſhort Dream of Pleaſure coſt!
But yet this fatal, this enchanting Dream,
I ſhould perhaps to Heaven it ſelf eſteem,
Were it as permanent: But Ah! 'Tis gone,
And I a Wretch abandon'd and undone;
Of God, of every ſmiling Hope, am left,
And all my dear Delights on Earth bereft,
While here for gilded Roofs, and painted Bowers,
For pleaſant Walks, and Beds of fragrant Flowers,
I find polluted Dens, and pitchy Streams,
And burning Paths with Beds of raging Flames;
Inſtead of Muſick's ſweet inſpiring Sound,
Repeated Yells, and endleſs Groans, go round;
And for the lovely Faces of my Friends,
I meet the Ghaſtly Viſſages of Fiends.
A Thouſand nameleſs Terrors are behind,
Deſpair, Confuſion, Fury, ſeize my Mind:
But will my Griefs no happy Period find?

Fallen Angels.

Count all the twinkling Glories of the Sky,
Count all the Drops that in the Ocean lye,
Of all the earthy Globe the Atoms count,
Eternal Years thy Numbers ſtill ſurmount.

Millions of tedious ling'ring Ages gone,
Thy Misery, thy Hell, is but begun.
As fix'd, as permanent, thy Bliss had been,
But for one darling, one beloved, Sin;
Cold to the Baits of any other Vice
Beauty alone could thy fond Thoughts entice
By this, or all our Stratagems had fail'd,
By this we o'er thy temp'rate Youth prevail'd.
Poor sottish Soul! Below our Envy now,
For what a Toy didst thou a Heaven forego!

Humane Spirit.

O tell me not from what fair Hopes I fell,
Just missing Heaven but aggravates my Hell.

Fallen Angels.

Thou know'st not what thou'st lost, but we too well
The Glories of that happy Place can tell.
There endless Heights of Extasie they prove,
There's lasting Beauty and immortal Love;
There flowing Pleasures in full Torrents roul,
For Pleasures form'd, this Loss must rack thy Soul.

Humane Spirit.

With how much cruel Art you aggravate
My Miseries intolerable Weight.

Fallen

Fallen Angels.

Our Envy once, thou'rt now become our Scorn,
In vain for thee the Son of God was Born;
That mighty Favour, that peculiar Grace,
Too Glorious for the fall'n Angelick Race,
Serves only to exaſperate thy Doom,
And give th' infernal Shades a darker Gloom.

Humane Spirit.

Oh that's the wounding Circumſtance of all,
To lower Depths of Woe I cannot fall:
Ye curſt Tormentors, now your Rage is ſpent,
Your Fury can no further Hell invent;
A Saviour's Title, a Redeemer's Blood,
Their Worth till now I little underſtood.

HYMN.

By Mr. BOWDEN.

I.

FRom Earth's dull Joys, and ſenſleſs Mirth,
O come, my Soul, in haſt retire,
Aſſume the Grandeur of thy Birth,
And to thy native Heav'n aſpire.

II.

Here's Nought [Alas!] deſerves delay,
Nought that can bribe thy ſwift remove,
No ſolid Ground thy Hopes to ſtay,
Nor worthy Object of thy Love.

III.

Its Mines can ne'er thy Treas'ry fill,
Nor Fountains cool thy ſcorching Rage,
Its ſcanty Feaſts thy Hunger kill,
Nor all its Seas thy Thirſt aſſwage.

IV. Tis

IV.

Tis Heav'n alone can make thee bleſt,
Can ev'ry Wiſh and Want ſupply,
Thy Joy, thy Crown, thy endleſs Reſt,
Are all above the lofty Sky.

V.

There pureſt Streams of Pleaſure flow,
There Wiſdom's ſacred Springs ariſe,
There, there, the Tree of Life does grow,
Which flouriſh'd once in Paradice.

VI.

O there immortal Glories ſtray,
Immortal Songs of Praiſe reſound,
Immortal Robes the Saints array,
And with immortal Youth they're crown'd.

VII.

There dwells the Sov'reign Lord of all,
The God that num'rous Worlds adore,
With whom is Bliſs that ne'er does pall,
And Joys which laſt for evermore.

VIII.

No longer then delay thy Flight,
But mount, O mount, with eager Wing!
The joyful Stars thy Way will light,
The joyful Angels round thee ſing.

Another.

I.

TO thee, Dear God, with eager Haſte
My panting Soul does move;
To thee the Fountain of my Life,
And Object of my Love.

II.

Long have I rang'd the Maze of Sin,
Long ſpent my ſelf in vain,
Too long been fond of falſe Delights,
And ſported with my Chain.

III.

Ye Dreams and Shadows now farewel,
Farewel each gilded Toy,
A nobler Proſpect chears my Sight,
I taſte a nobler Joy.

IV.

Welcome dear Virtue to my Soul,
How ſweet thy Practice is!
Ten Thouſand Pleaſures croud thy Way,
Thy End's eternal Bliſs.

V. Thy

V.

Thy ſacred Paths I'll ſwiftly run,
And climb from Grace to Grace,
Till on bleſt *Zion*'s lofty Mount
I view my Saviour's Face.

VI.

This, Lord, my ſolemn Purpoſe is.
O may thy Aid conſpire,
To crown my Labour with Succeſs,
And fill my vaſt Deſire.

The Second PSALM PARAPHRAS'D.

By Sir RICHARD BLACKMORE.

WHat means this mighty Uproar? Whence ariſe
This great Commotion, theſe tumultuous Cries?
What has alarm'd the Nations? What Offence
Does all the jealous States around incenſe?
What does the Heathen Fire with ſo much Rage?
What *Jacob*'s Sons in ſuch Deſigns engage

As

As they can ne'er effect? Or if they do,
They'll miſs the End they furiouſly purſue.
Infatuated Men! you'll ſure repent
Your raſh Attempts, too late the ſad Event
Will ſhew your Projects vain, your Malice impotent.
Confed'rate Princes wicked Friendſhip make,
And in their Anger deſp'rate Counſels take
Againſt their great Creator and his Son,
And hope the Lord's Anointed to dethrone.
Let us, ſay they, aſſert our Liberty,
And keep our Kingdoms from Oppreſſion free,
We'll ne'er agree to vindicate the Cauſe
Of this new King, nor e'er obey his Laws.
Th' Almighty ſets his Fav'rite up in vain,
We'll ne'er conſent to this Uſurper's Reign.
We his proud Yoak will never tamely bear,
But will his ſervile Chains aſunder tear,

But the Great God, who ſits enthron'd on high
Above the Starry Convex of the Sky,
Inſultingly will mock their fooliſh Pride,
Laugh at their Threats, and their vain Plots deride.
In fiery Indignation he ſhall paſs
A dreadful Sentence on this impious Race.
The Marks of high Diſpleaſure he ſhall ſhew,
And pour Deſtruction on th' audacious Foe.

Thus

Thus from his Throne ſublime th' Eternal
ſpoke,
And with his awful Voice the Frame of Nature
ſhook,
In Spite of all the Princes that combine,
Or to retard or fruſtrate my Deſign,
On *Zion*'s Hill my Favourite I'll enthrone,
And fix upon his Head th' Imperial Crown.
Submiſſive States his Empire ſhall obey,
And at his Footſtool Kings their Scepters lay.
He ſhall tyrannick Cruelty correct,
And tenderly his Subjects Rights protect.
He ſhall aſſert divine religious Cauſe,
Heav'ns ſacred Intereſt manage with Ap-
plauſe,
And rule the World with juſt and equal
Laws.
To execute his high, important, Charge,
My Viceroy I inveſt with Pow'r at large:
Vaſt Pow'r I give him, but I give him none
But what is mixt with Mercy like my own.
No other Pow'r but what is underſtood
To be intended for his Subjects Good,
His juſt and gentle Conduct ſhall confeſs
He ſeeks his Glory in their Happineſs.

I to the World will pupliſh my Decree
That raiſes him to regal Dignity.

Thus

Thus ſaid the Lord, — let it this Day be known
Thou art my begotten only Son,
Thy high Deſcent let all the Nations own.
Thou art entitul'd by thy Royal Birth
To all the Realms and Nations of the Earth;
Make thy Demand, and by my Grant Divine
The Pagan States and Kingdoms ſhall be thine.
I'll ſubject all the ſpacious Tracts of Land
From Pole to Pole to thy ſupream Command.
Thou ſhalt of all the Regions be poſſeſt,
From the Sun's riſing to the adverſe Weſt.
Only the Limits which the World ſurround
Thy univerſal Monarchy ſhall bound.
Arm'd with a Rod of Iron thou ſhalt Reign,
O'er proud Oppreſſors, and their Rage reſtrain.
Thou ſhalt in Pieces daſh like Potters Clay
Thy ſtubborn Foes, who inſolently ſay,
We'll ne'er his Title own, nor his Commands obey.
Ye fooliſh Kings and Potentates be wiſe,
And be inſtructed where your Safety lies.
The Son of God with Acclamations meet,
And proſtrate lye adoring at his Feet.
Bow down your Necks to take his gentle Yoak,
Leſt your Neglect his Fury ſhou'd provoke.
If you refuſe this Monarch to obey,
Beſure you'll periſh in your wicked Way.
For if his Wrath ſo dreadful does appear,
When ſcarcely kindled, what have you to fear,
Who

Who by your desp'rate Provocations raise
The Spark to Flames, and make his Fury blaze?
No longer your Subjection then delay,
The safe and happy Men are only they,
Who, as their Refuge and secure Defence,
Repose in him their Trust and Confidence.

The CXLVIII PSALM

PARAPHRAS'D.

By the same Hand.

YE bright immortal Colonies,
That People all the Regions of the Skies.
That in your blissful Seats above
Inhabit Glory, dwell in Light and Love;
Ye mighty Gen'rals, who command
Th'Almighty's Host; ye Ministers that stand
In his blest Presence to receive
What Orders he is pleas'd to give;
Ye Guards and Houshold Servants who resort
To pay Attendance at his Court;

Ye

Ye Saints and Seraphs who aſtoniſh'd ſee
His Greatneſs, and Eſſential Majeſty;
Tune your celeſtial Harps, and ſing
The Triumphs of th' eternal King;
All ye his heav'nly Hoſts applaud
In long-continu'd Shouts your Wonder-working God;
Ye Sun, and Moon, and Stars, that grace the Night,
Praiſe him the unexhauſted Spring of Light,
Whence your dependant Influence ſtreams,
Whence you derive your delegated Beams;
Exalt his Name, and ſpread his Praiſe,
As far as you diffuſe your Rays.
Let all the glorious Worlds above agree
In this celeſtial Harmony;
And in the dancing, ecchoing, Spheres around,
Reverberate the Joy, and propagate the Sound.

Ye thin tranſparent Regions of the Air,
And all ye flying Nations there,
With one melodious Voice th' Eternal's
Praiſe declare.

Let Tempeſts with their ſtormy Noiſe,
And thunder with its roaring Voice,
(God's own Artillery) proclaim
Thro' all the liſt'ning World th'Eternal's Fame.

From

From ev'ry Quarter all ye Winds ariſe,
On whoſe ſwift Wings th' Almighty flies,
When he his Progreſs makes into th' inferior Skies.
Blow all your Blaſts, and all your Breath employ
In loud Applauſes, and in Songs of Joy.

Ye Vapours that by God's Command ariſe,
To fill Heav'ns Magazines with freſh Supplies,
And for the Meteors new Materials bring,
As you aſcend th' Eternal's Praiſes ſing.
Ye Clouds that by purſuing Winds are driv'n,
Pour with your Rain your Praiſes forth,
Let theſe aſcend as high as Heav'n,
While that deſcends to bleſs the Earth.

Praiſe the divine Artificer
Ye Light'nings, which his Hands prepare,
And all ye curious Fire-works of the Air.
Praiſe him ye other Meteors of the Sky,
Ye Hailſtones, Miſts, and woolly Snow,
The Manufactures which he works on high
For Nature's Service here below.

Let Nature's mighty Sov'raign Lord,
Be by the Deep and all the Floods ador'd.
In Conſort let the Billows roar,
And make his Praiſe rebound from Shoar to Shoar.

The

The ſcaly People let them dance;
Before 'em let their Lords, the mighty Whales, advance.
And High amidſt the Air on this great Day
Let all the Water-works from their vaſt Noſtrils play.

And while the Deep, the Air, and Sky,
Vocal become th' Almighty's Name to raiſe,
Let not the Earth ſtand Silent by,
But join to celebrate his Praiſe.
Ye Dragons, Wolves, and all ye Savage Kind,
On ecchoing Hills in Conſort join'd,
To him your Adoration pay,
Whoſe Bounty in the Deſart finds you prey;
Do you your Gratitude expreſs,
And make his Praiſes ring thro' all the Wilderneſs.
Ye Pines and Cedars tune your ſelves to play
Th' Almighty's Praiſes on this ſolemn Day;
And ſing ye Mountains, Hills, and Floods,
To th' Inſtrumental Muſick of the Woods.

Ye Kings, the King of Kings adore,
And at his Feet your borrow'd Scepters lay,
Applaud the Spring of all Imperial Pow'r,
You're here but Subjects, and ſhou'd Homage pay,

Let

Let Songs of Praiſe the Gratitude atteſt
Of Aged Men, long by his Favours bleſt;
Let rapt'rous Zeal young Men and Maids inflame,
To celebrate their Maker's Fame;
Let liſping Infants at his Praiſes aim;
Let all th' Eternal's Works conſpire
To execute this bleſt Deſign,
To praiſe him let them all combine,
And make the World one Univerſal Quire.

A Deſcription of HELL,

In Imitation of Mr. MILTON.

By an unknown Hand.

DEep, to unfathomable Spaces deep,
Deſcend the dark, deteſted, Paths of Hell,
The Gulphs of Execration and Deſpair,
Of Pain, and Rage, and pure unmingled Woe;
The Realms of endleſs Death, and Seats of Night,
Uninterrupted Night, which ſees no Dawn,
Prodigious Darkneſs! Which receives no Light
But from the ſickly Blaze of Sulph'rous Flames,
That caſt a Pale and Dead Reflection round,
Diſcloſing all the deſolate Abyſs,

Dreadful beyond what humaue Thought can
form,
Bounded with circling Seas of liquid Fire.
Aloft the blazing Billows curl their Heads,
And form a Rear along the direful Strand,
While ruddy Cat'racts from on high descend
And urge the fiery Ocean's stormy Rage.
Impending Horrors o'er the Region frown,
And weighty Ruin threatens from on high;
Inevitable Snares, and fatal Pits,
Gulphs of deep Perdition wait below;
Whence issue long, remediless, Complaints,
With endless Groans, and everlasting Yells,
Legions of ghastly Fiends (prodigious Sight!)
Fly all confus'd across the sickly Air,
And roaring horrid, shake the vast Extent.
Pale meagre Spectres wander all around,
And pensive Shades, and black deformed Ghosts.
With impious Fury some aloud Blaspheme,
And wildly staring upwards Curse the Skies;
While some, with gloomy Terror in their
Looks,
Trembling all over, downward cast their Eyes,
And tell in hollow Groans their deep Despair,

Convinc'd by fatal Proofs, the Atheist here
Yields to the sharp tormenting Evidence,
And of an infinite Eternal Mind,
At last the challeng'd Demonstration meets

The

The Libertine his Folly here laments,
His blind Extravagance, that made him fell
Unfading Bliſs, and everlaſting Crowns,
Immortal Tranſports, and Celeſtial Feaſts,
For the ſhort Pleaſure of a ſordid Sin,
For one fleet Moment's deſpicable Joy.
Too late, all loſt, for ever loſt, he ſees
The envy'd Saints triumphing from afar,
And Angels basking in the Smiles of God.
But Oh! That all was for a Trifle loſt,
Gives to his bleeding Soul perpetual Wounds.

The wanton Beauty, whoſe bewitching Arts,
Has drawn Ten Thouſand wretched Souls to Hell,
Depriv'd of ev'ry Blandiſhment and Charm,
All black, and horrid, ſeeks the Darkeſt Shades
To ſhun the Fury of revengeful Ghoſts,
That with vindictive Curſes ſtill purſue
The Author of their miſerable Fate,
Who from the Paths of Life ſeduc'd their Souls,
And led them down to theſe accurſt Abodes.

The Fool that ſold his Heav'n for gilded Clay,
The Scorn of all the Damn'd ev'n here laments
His ſordid Heaps; which ſtill to purchaſe, he
A ſecond Time wou'd forfeit all above:
Nor covets Fields of Light nor Starry Wreaths,

Nor Angels Songs, nor pure unmingled Bliſs,
But for his darling Treaſures ſtill repines;
Which from afar, to aggravate his Doom,
He ſees ſome thoughtleſs Prodigal conſume.
Beyond them all a miſerable Hell
The execrable Perſecutor finds,
No Spirit howls among the Shades below
More Damn'd, more Fierce, nor more a Fiend
then he
Aloud he Heav'n and Holineſs blaſphemes,
While all his Enmity to Good appears,
His Enmity to Good; once falſly call'd
Religious Warmth, and Charitable Zeal.
On high, beyond th' unpaſſable Abyſs,
To aggravate his Righteous Doom, he views
The bliſsful Realms, and there the Schiſmatic,
The Viſionary, the deluded Saint,
By him ſo often hated, wrong'd and ſcorn'd,
So often curs'd and damn'd, and baniſh'd
thence,
He ſees him there poſſeſt of all that Heav'n,
Thoſe Glories, thoſe Immortal Joys, which he,
The Orthodox, unerring Catholic,
The mighty Fav'rite, and Elect of God,
With all his miſchievous, converting, Arts,
His killing Charity, and burning Zeal,
His pompous Creeds, and boaſted Faith, has
loſt.

ON

ON

HEAVEN.

By an unknown Hand.

WHat glorious things of thee, O glorious Place!
Shall my bold Muſe in daring Numbers ſpeak?
While to immmortal Strains I tune my Lyre,
And warbling imitate Angelick Airs:
While Extaſie bears up my Soul aloft,
And lively Faith gives me a diſtant Glimpſe
Of Glories unreveal'd to humane Eyes.

Ye Starry Manſions, hail: My native Skies:
Here in my happy, pre-exiſtent State,
(A ſpotleſs Mind) I led the Life of Gods.
But paſſing, I ſalute you, and advance
To yonder brighter Realms allow'd Acceſs.

Hail, ſplendid City of th' Almighty King!
Celeſtial *Salem*, ſituate above;
Magnificent thy Proſpect, and Auguſt,
Thy Walls Sublime, thy Tow'rs and Palaces
Illuſtrious far, with orient Gems appear.
There Regent Angels, crown'd with Stars command.

High in the midſt, the awful Throne of God
Aſcends the utmoſt Empirean Arch.
The Heav'n of Heavens, were inconceiveleſs Light,
Such as Infinity alone can prove,
H' enjoys th' extreameſt Bounds of Happineſs,
And was in perfect Bleſſedneſs the ſame.
E'er any Thing exiſted but himſelf;
E'er Time, or Place, or Motion, had a Name;
Before the Spheres begun their tuneful Round;
Or through the Air the Sun had ſpread his Beams;
E'er at his Feet the flaming Seraphs bow'd,
And caſt their ſhining Crowns before his Throne;
E'er ſmiling Angels tun'd their golden Harps,
Or ſung one Hallelujah to his Praiſe,
But mighty Love which mov'd him to create,
Still moves him to communicate his Bliſs.

O ſpeak you happy Spirits that ſurround
His dazling Throne, for you alone can tell,
For you alone thoſe Raptures can deſcribe,
And ſtem th' impetuous Floods of Joy that riſe
Within your Breaſts, when all unvail'd you View
The Wonders of the beatifick Sight:
When from the bright unclouded Face of God
You drink full Draughts of Bliſs and endleſs Love,

And

And plunge your ſelves in Life's immortal
Fount ;
The Spring of Joy which from his darling
Throne
In endleſs Currents ſmoothly glides away,
Thro' all the verdant Fields of Paradice,
Thro' balmy Groves, where on their flow'ry
Banks,
To murm'ring Waters, and ſoft whiſp'ring
Winds,
Fair Spirits in melodious Conſort join,
And ſweetly warble their heroick Loves :
For Love makes half their Heav'n, and kindles
here
New Flames and ardent Life in ev'ry Breaſt ;
While active Pleaſure lightens in their Eyes,
And ſparkling Beauty ſhines on every Face :
Their ſpotleſs Minds, all pure and exquiſite,
The nobleſt Heights of Love prepar'd to Act
In everlaſting Sympathies unite,
And melt in flowing Joys Eternity away.

To theſe bleſt Shades, and amarantine
Bow'rs,
When dazled with th' unſufferable Beams
That iſſue from the open Face of God,
For Umbrage many a Seraphim reſorts :
Nor longer here o'er their bright Faces claſp
Their gorgeous Wings, which open wide diſ-
play

More Radiance than adorns the chearful Sun,
When firſt he from the roſie Eaſt looks out:
Gentle as Love, their Looks, ſerene as Light,
Blooming and Gay as everlaſting Springs.

But Oh! When in the lofty bliſsful Bow'rs,
With heav'nly Skill, to the harmonious Lyre,
The clear, the ſweet, the melting Voice they join,
The Vales of Heav'n rejoice, and ecchoing loud,
Redouble ev'ry charming Cloſe agen,
While trembling Winds upon their fragrant Wings
Bear far the ſoft melodious Sounds away,
The ſilver Streams their winding Journeys ſtay,
Suſpend their Murmurs, and attend the Song;
The laughing Fields new Flow'rs and Verdure wear,
And all the Trees of Life bloom out afreſh.
The num'rous Suns which gild the Realms of Joy
Dance in their lightſome Spheres, and brighter Day,
Thro' all th' interminable Æther Dart,
While to the great unutterable Name
All Glory they aſcribe in lofty Strains.
In Strains expreſſeſs by a mortal Tongue.
O happy Regions! O tranſporting Place!
With what Regret I turn my loathing Eyes

To

To yonder earthly Globe, my dusky Seat;
But, Ah, I muſt return, no more allow'd
To breathe the calm, the ſoft, celeſtial, Air,
And view the myſtick Wonders of the Skies.

The LAMENTATIONS *of* JEREMIAH.

By Mrs. WHARTON.

Chapter 1ſt, the Argument.

Verſe. 1. *The miſerable State of* Jeruſalem, *by reaſon of her Sins.* 12. *She complaineth of her Grief.* 18. *And confeſſeth God's Judgments to be righteous.*

1. HOW doth the mournful widow'd City bow,
She that was once ſo great: Alas, how low:
Once fill'd with Joy, with Deſolation now.

2. Tears on her Cheeks and Sables on her Head;
She mourns her Lover's Loſt, and Comforts dead:

Alas, alas, loſt City, where are thoſe,
So proud once to be Friends, now turn'd her Foes.

3. *Judah* is gone; alas, to Bondage gone,
Amongſt the Heathen *Judah* mourns alone,
Griev'd, and in Servitude, ſhe finds no reſt;
Follow'd by none but thoſe by whom oppreſs'd.

4. The Feaſts of *Zion*, no one now attends;
Unhappy *Zion*, deſtitute of Friends:
Her Prieſts ſtill ſigh and all her Virgins mourn,
Becauſe her Gladneſs finds now no return.

5. Her Enemies are great, and ever high,
Still Fortunate, becauſe her Crimes were nigh:
Her captiv'd Children ſtill her Guilt upbraid,
Who mourn, whilſt their inſulting Foes invade

6. Her Beauty which excell'd, is now no more
That Brightneſs which all Nations did adore;
Her Princes are like hunted Harts become,
Breathleſs and Faint, whilſt the Purſuit goes on:
Alas for *Zion*, all their Strengh is gone.

7. *Jeruſalem* then thought upon the Hour
When ſhe was Crown'd with Peace, Delight and Power;

Thoughts

Thoughts once ſo joyful, mournful now and vain,
The Foe inſults, whilſt ſhe no Help ſuſtains,
Mocking both at her Sabaths, and her Pains.

8. Her Crimes have caus'd her to be far remov'd,
Jeruſalem, who was ſo well belov'd.
All thoſe who in her Pride admir'd her Fame,
Deſpiſe her now, becauſe they've ſeen her Shame.
Sighing, ſhe turns away, with Shame diſtreſs'd,
Amaz'd, deſpis'd, deſerted and oppreſs'd.

9. Circl'd with Guilt and Shame, ſhe cannot fly,
Her Comforts far remov'd, her End too nigh;
She vainly thinks on that 'tis now too late,
Behold thoſe Griefs, which no one can repeat
Her Fall is ſteep, and all her Foes are great.

10. Her Sanctuary is by them betray'd,
All her Delights they careleſly invade,
Even the Heathen of whom God had ſaid,
They ſhould not in her holy Temple tread.

11. Her hungry People Sigh, and give a way
For Bread, their Treaſures, leſt their Lives decay.

Conſider,

Conſider, Lord, ſee her with Cares bow'd down,
For I am Vile, and *Zion* left alone.

12. All you who paſs this way, behold and ſee,
Are my Griefs ſmall? Do others grieve like me?
Are not theſe Sorrows, under which I bow,
With which the Lord hath brought my Soul ſo low?
Turn back and mourn with me, becauſe my Lord
In his fierce Anger doth no Peace afford.

13. He from above hath Flames and Horror ſent,
Circling my Soul with Pain and Diſcontent;
His Snares alas my weary Feet betray.
Whilſt deſolate and faint I mourn all Day.
For *Zion*'s loſt, her Glory thrown away.

14. Our Sins have brought thoſe Chains which his Command
Hath faſten'd, now, who can his Power withſtand?
How they are link'd by his almighty Hand.
The Lord forſakes, and I am now the Scorn
Of Enemies, becauſe of God forlorn:
He was my Strength, and now alaſs 'tis gone.

15. My

15. My mighty Men are all by him caſt down,
They're cruſh'd by Numbers and I'm left alone
Whilſt ſilently thy Virgin Daughters mourn,
Unhappy mournful *Judah*, left forlorn.

16. For this I weep, and waſt my ſelf in Tears,
Becauſe her Help's far off, and Sorrow's near:
Ah, wretched *Judah*, where is now thy Hope:
Thy Foes ſtill Triumph whilſt thy Children Droop.

17. *Zion* ſpreads forth her Arms to be reliev'd,
But who can Comfort whom the Lord hath Griev'd:
Her Enemies encreaſe and flouriſh ſtill,
By his Command, by his all powerful Will.
Ah! wretched City, ſcorn'd and ſham'd by all,
Who can enough lament thy dreadful Fall?

18. Yet he is Juſt, for I am Guilty found:
The Lord, with Righteouſneſs is always Crown'd.
Ye that paſs by ſee me with Sorrows drown'd,
My weight of Sin hath preſs'd me to the Ground.
Who is it now my Freedom can reſtore?
My Youth and captive Virgins are no more.

19. I call'd for all my Friends, but they
were gone,
Friendſhip grows cold when Miſery comes on:
With Hunger pin'd my Prieſts and Rulers dy'd,
Within my Walls periſh'd my Strength and
Guide.

20. My Crimes are great, ſo are my Sorrows
now,
Behold, my Lord, ſee the afflicted bow;
Abroad th' unerring Sword bereaves of Breath,
And Grief at home is a more cruel Death.

21. All round me hear my Sighs, and ſee
my Tears,
Whilſt there is none that can relieve my Cares:
My Foes hear and rejoyce at what is done.
But thou wilt ſurely, Lord, at laſt return,
And then the Enemy like me will mourn.

22. Their Crimes are great, turn mighty
Lord, and ſee,
Afflict 'em then as thou afflicteſt me.
My Griefs are great, turn therefore and relent,
My Sighs are many, and my Heart is faint.

Part of the Third Chapter of HABBAKKUK, *Paraphras'd.*

By a young Lady.

I.

WHen God from *Teman* came,
And Cloath'd in Glory from Mount *Paran* ſhone,
Dreſt in th' unſufferable Flame
That hides his dazling Throne,
His Glory ſoon eclyps'd the once bright *Titan*'s Rays,
And fill'd the trembling World with Terror and Amaze;
Reſplendent Beams did Crown his awful Head,
And ſhining Brightneſs all around him ſpread;
Omnipotence he graſpt in his ſtrong Hand,
And liſt'ning Death ſtood waiting on his dread Command:
Waiting 'till his reſiſtleſs Dart he'd throw;
Devouring Coals beneath his Feet did glow:

All

All Nature's Frame did quake beneath his Feet,
And with his Hand he the vaſt Globe did meet;
The frighted Nations ſcattered;
And at his Sight the baſhful Mountains fled;
The everlaſting Hills their Founder's Voice obey,
And ſtoop their lofty Heads to make th' Eternal way.
The diſtant *Ethiops* all Confuſion are,
And *Midians* trembling Curtains cannot hide their Fear:
When thy ſwift Chariots paſs'd the yielding Sea,
Thy bluſhing Waves back in Amazement flee;
Affrighted *Jordan* ſtops his flowing Urn,
And bids his forward Streams back to their Fountain turn.

II.

Arm'd with thy mighty Bow,
Thou marched'ſt out againſt thy daring Foe:
And very terrible thou didſt appear
To them, but thus thy darling People chear:
" Know *Jacob*'s Sons, I am the God of Truth,
" Your Father *Jacob*'s God, nor can I break my
" Oath:

The

The Mountains ſhook as our dread Lord advanc'd,
And all the little Hills around them danc'd:
The neighb'ring Streams their verdant Banks o'erflow,
The Waters ſaw and trembled at the Sight,
Back to their old Abyſs they go,
And bear the News to everlaſting Night:
The Mother Deep within her hollow Caverns roars,
And beats the ſilent Shores;
The Sun above no longer dares to ſtrive,
Nor will his frighted Steeds their wonted Journey drive.
The Moon to ſee her Brother ſtop his Carr
Grew pale, and curb'd her Sable Reins for Fear;
Thy threat'ning Arrows gild their flaming Way,
And at the glitt'ring of thy Spear the Heathen dares not ſtay.
Thy very Sight does them ſubdue,
And arm'd with Fury thou the Vict'ry doſt purſue.

SERAPHICK LOVE.

By an unknown Hand.

I.

THou Beauty's vaſt Abyſs, Abſtract of all
My Thoughts can lovely, great, or ſplendid call;
To thee in Heav'nly Flames, and pure Deſires,
My raviſh'd Soul impatiently aſpires.

II.

With Admiration, Praiſe, and endleſs Love,
Thou fill'ſt the wide reſplendent Worlds above,
And none can Rival, or with thee Compare,
Of all the bright Intelligences there.

III.

What Vapours then, what ſhort-liv'd Glories be
The Faireſt Idols of our Senſe to thee?
Before the ſtreaming Splendor of thine Eye,
The languid Beauties fall away and die.

IV.

Farewel then, all you flat Delights of Senſe,
I'm charm'd with a Sublimer Excellence,

To

To whom all mortal Beauty's but a Ray,
A ſcatter'd Drop of his o'erflowing Day.

V.

How ſtrongly thou my panting Heart doſt move
With all the Holy Extaſies of Love!
In theſe ſweet Flames let me expire, and ſee
Unveil'd the Brightneſs of thy Deity.

VI.

Oh! let me die, for there's no earthly Bliſs
My Thoughts can ever reliſh after this;
No, deareſt Lord, there's nothing here below,
Without thy Smiles, to pleaſe, or ſatify me now.

The Tranſlation of Elijah.

By an unknown Hand.

HIS Lecture to the ſad Young Prophets done,
And laſt Adieus, the Rev'rend Seer goes on,
Obedient as the Sacred Inſtinct guides,
And now advanc'd to *Jordan's* verdent ſides;
Elijah with his great Succeſſor ſtood,
And gave a Signal to the paſſing Flood;

Th'

Th' obſequious Waters ſtay, for well they know
What to his high Authority they owe,
While Wave on Wave with ſilent Awe crowds back,
To leave a clean, and ſpacious, ſandy, Track.
Elijah on with his Companion goes,
Behind 'em ſoon the Cryſtal Ridges cloſe,
No more revers'd, the troubled Current flows.
Then forward ſtill they went, diſcourſing High
Of Heavenly Bliſs and Immortality,
When from a Cloud breaks, (like the Purple Dawn)
By Fiery Steeds a Fiery Chariot drawn!
A glittering Convoy ſwift as that deſcends,
And in an Inſtant parts th' embracing Friends;
To the bright Carr conduct the Man of God,
And mount agen the ſteep Ætherial Road.
The paſſing Triumph lightens all the Air
With ruddy Luſtre, than high Noon more fair,
And Paints the Clouds than Evening Beams more Gay,
Thro' which with wond'rous Speed they cut their Way.
Now lofty Piles of Thunder, Hail, and Snow,
Th' Artillery of Heav'n, they have below;
Below the glimm'ring Moon's pale Regency
They leave, and now more free aſcend the Sky,
Breathing agen Immortal Air, nor here
Reſent the Preſſure of the Atmoſphere.

By

By Holy Extaſies and Flames intenſe,
Here Purg'd from all the Dregs of mortal Sence,
With Heavenly Luſtre eminently Gay
Elijah wondring does himſelf Survey;
All o'er Sureys himſelf, and then the Skies,
While new ſtupendious Objects meet hisEyes.
With his new Being pleas'd thus, the firſt man
As juſt to Live and Reaſon, he began
On Hills, and Valleys, Groves and Founnains, Gaz'd,
With Skies and Light thus raviſh'd, thus amaz'd.
But now the utmoſt Firmament they cleave,
And all the Starry Worlds behind them leave,
Hark, Angels Sing! Of Light appears new Streaks!
Celeſtial Day with gawdy Splendour breaks!
On Heav'ns Rich Solid Azure now they tread
The bliſsful Paths that to God's Preſence led,
While to the new Inhabitant all the Way
Loud welcomes on their Harps his Guardians Play,
A Thouſand joyful Spirits crowd to meet.
The glorious Saint, and his Arrival great.

Paraphraſe on the 29th. Pſalm.

YE mighty Princes, and ye Gods of Earth!
Who Great by Merit as you're Great by Birth,
With Look Imperial ſtrike a trembling Awe
In proſtrate Slaves, to whom your Words are Law!
Confeſs the Lord, the mighty Lord, to be
In Pow'r unrivall'd as in Majeſty.
The Honours you receive, repay to him
With double Rev'rence, as he's God's Supream.
Viſit the Temple bleſt by his Abode,
But ſee the Glory, and you'll own the God;
'Twill warm your Breaſts with true Devotion's Fire,
And wondrous Tho'ts with wondrous Words inſpire,
And join your Praiſes to the Solemn Quire.
The yielding Clouds obey his pow'rful Voice.
And Earth and Ocean tremble at the Noiſe.
Through the wide Heav'ns his rowling Thunders ſound,
With what Majeſtick Dread and Horror crown'd!
Nor Depth, nor ſtately Bulk, the Trees defend,
At his Approach the ſhady Foreſts bend.

Nor

Not *Libanus* his ancient Pride can boaſt,
His Honour's now in rude diſorder loſt,
The ſhatter'd Branches from the Trunk are toſt.

Nor ſunder'd long, an equal Fate they ſhare,
Branches and Trees are whirl'd aloft in Air,
Nor does the furious Shock the jealous Mountains ſpare.

His forked Lightnings cut their ſhining Way,
And with brisk Flaſhes thro' the Clouds they play.

To vaſt wild threatning Deſarts too, afar,
With rapid Speed he ſends the ſtormy War;
The ſtormy War whole Deſarts overthrows,
Pleas'd with the hideous Ruin on it goes,
Till horrid *Kadiſh* ſtill more horrid ſhews.

The helpleſs Hinds, thro' Terror and Surprize,
Their doubtful lab'ring Weight diſcharge with Eaſe.

Bold Ravagers their wily Coverts bare,
Search their known Dens, and ſhake with conſcious Fear;

But Pious Worſhippers his Temple ſeek,
And there ſecurely of his Glory ſpeak;
'Tis God, ſay they, 'tis God ſets King above,
Him can the Mighty from his Throne remove!
'Tis he protects us from our bloody Foes,
Thunder and Lightning are at his Diſpoſe;
He'll be our Strength, and to compleat the Bliſs,
Will grant the Bleſſings of a laſting Peace.

A DIA-

A DIALOGUE between the Soul, Riches, Fame, *and* Pleaſure.

By an unknown Hand.

Riches.

DEluded Mortal, turn and view my Store,
While all my glitt'ring Treaſures I explore.
The Gold of both the *Indian* Worlds is mine,
And Gems that in the Eaſtern Quarries ſhine.
For me advent'rous Men attempt the Main,
And all the Fury of its Waves ſuſtain!
For me all Toils and Hazards they diſdain.
For me their Country's ſold, their Faith betray'd
The Voice of Intreſt ne'er was diſobey'd.

Soul.

Yet I thy tempting Offers can deſpiſe,
Nor loſe a Wiſh on ſuch a worthleſs Prize.
When yonder ſparkling Stars attract my Sight,
Thy Gold, thy boaſted Gems loſe all their Light.

My

My daring Thoughts above these Trifles rise,
And aim at glorious Kingdoms in the Skies.
I there expect Celestal Diadems,
Out-shining all thy counterfeited Gems.

Fame.

'Tis nothing strange that thy ambitious Mind
In sordid Wealth should no Temptation find.
But I have Terms which thy Acceptance claim,
Heroick Glory, and a mighty Name!
To these the greatest Souls on Earth aspire,
Souls, most endow'd with the Celestial Fire;
Whom neither Wealth nor Beauty can inflame;
These hazard all for an Illustrious Name,

Soul.

And yet thou art a meer Fantastick Thing,
Which can no solid Satisfaction bring.
Should I in costly Monuments survive,
And after Death in Men's Applauses live,
What Profit were their vain Applause to me,
If doom'd below to endless Infamy?
Sunk in Reproach, and everlasting Shame,
With God, and Angels, where's my promis'd Fame?
But if their Approbation I obtain,
And deathless Wreaths, and heavenly Glories gain,
I may the World's false Pageantry disdain.

Pleaſure.

But where the Baits of Wealth and Honour fail,
Th' inchanting Voice of Pleaſure may prevail.
The Lewd and Virtuous both my Vaſſals prove;
No Breaſt ſo guarded but my Charms can move.
All that delights Mankind attends on me,
Beauty and Youth, and Love, and Harmony.
I wing the ſmiling Hours, and gild the Day,
My Paths are ſmooth, and flow'ry all my Way.

Soul.

But Ah! theſe Paths to black Perdition tend,
There ſoon thy ſoft deluding Viſions end.
Thoſe ſmooth, thoſe flow'ry Ways, lead down to Hell,
Where all thy Slaves in endleſs Night muſt dwell.
The Road of Virtue far more rugged is,
But O! it leads to Everlaſting Bliſs.
And all beyond the thorny Paſſage lies
The Realm of Light diſcover'd to mine Eyes.
Gay Bowers, and Streams of Joy, and lightſome Fields,
With happy Shades, the beauteous Proſpect yields;
Thoſe bliſsful Regions I ſhall ſhortly gain,
Where Peace and Love, and endleſs Pleaſures reign.

The

The 38th Chapter of JOB *Tranſlated.*

By Mrs. SINGER.

IN Thunder now the God his Silence broke,
And from a Cloud this lofty Language ſpoke.

Who, and where art thou, fond, preſumptuous, Man,
That by thy own weak Meaſures mine would'ſt ſcan?
Undaunted as an equal Match for me,
Stand forth, and anſwer my Demands to thee.

And firſt let thy Original be trac'd,
And tell me then what mighty Thing thou waſt,
When to the World my potent Word gave Birth,
And fixt the Centre of the floating Earth?
Didſt thou aſſiſt with one deſigning Thought,
Or my Idea's rectifie in ought,
When from Confuſion I this Order brought?
When like an Artiſt I the Line ſtretch'd out,
And markt its wide Circumference about,
Didſt thou contribute, *Job*, the needful Aid,
When I the Deep, and ſtrong Foundations laid,
And with my Hand the riſing Pillars ſtay'd?

When from the perfect Model of my Mind
The vaſt and ſtately Fabrick was deſign'd,
So wondrous, ſo compleat in ev'ry Part,
Adorn'd with ſuch Variety of Art,
The Sons of Light the goodly Frame ſurvey,
As their own Seats Magnificent and Gay.
Around the ſhining Verge of Heav'n the Crowd,
And from the Cryſtal Confines, ſhout aloud.
For Joy the Morning Stars together ſang,
And Heav'n all o'er with glad Preludiums rang.

Were the tumultuous Floods by thee controul'd,
When without Bounds the foaming Billows roul'd?
Didſt thou appoint 'em then their oozy Bed,
And humid Clouds o'er all their Surface ſpread?
Affixing Limits to th' imperious Deep,
The Limits it perpetually ſhall keep,
Tho' mounting high the angry Surges roar,
And daſh themſelves with Rage againſt the Shore.

When did'ſt thou ſummon up the ling'ring Day,
And haſte the lovely bluſhing Morn away?
Swift as my flaming Meſſengers above,
Its gaudy Wings of my Direction move.

Haſt thou ſurvey'd the Ocean's dark Abodes,
The ſteep Deſcents, the Vaults and craggy Roads,
Thro' which hollow Rumour ruſh the nether Floods
Or haſt thou meaſur'd the prodigious Store
Of Waves that in thoſe ghaſtly Caverns roar?
Or haſt thou, *Job*, the Fatal Valley trac'd,
And thro' the Realms of Death undaunted paſs'd
Where the pale King a ruſty Scepter weilds,
And reigns a Tyrant o're the dusky Fields?
Doſt thou the Pure Immortal Fountain know,
From whence thoſe num'rous Streams of Glory flow,
Which feed the radiant Lamps that in the Æther glow?
Or from what Caves the ſullen Shadows riſe
When, like a Deluge, Night involves the Skies?
How does the Sun his Morning Beams display
Thro' golden Clouds, and ſpread the ſudden Day,
When breaking from the Eaſt, all freſh and fair,
He dances thro' the glitt'ring Fields of Air?
At his Approach all Nature looks more Gay,
Thro' ev'ry Grove refreſhing Breezes play,
And o'er the Streams, and o'er the Meadows, ſtray.

Doſt thou the Clouds amidſt the Air ſuſtain,
And melt the floating Rivers down in Rain.

When overcharg'd, the yielding Atmoſphere
No longer now the watry Load can bear;
On gloomy Wings the ſounding Tempeſt flies,
And heavy Thunders roul along the Skies;
Around the airy Vault fierce Lightnings play,
And burn themſelves thro' ſolid Clouds away:
With Water, who the Wilderneſs ſupplies?
And tell me whence the Midnight Dews ariſe?
Or from what cold and putrifying Womb
The Ice and nipping hoary Froſt does come?
What ſecret Pow'r its fluid Parts cement,
Congeal, and harden, the ſoft Element?
All ſtiff and motionleſs the frozen Deep,
No curling Winds its ſhining Surface ſweep.

Canſt thou the chearing Influences ſtay
Of thoſe mild Stars which deck the Spring ſo gay?
Or looſe the ſullen Planets Icy Bands,
Which Froſts, and rough Tempeſtuous Winds, commands?
Canſt thou bring out Fair *Maz'roth's* ſultry Beam?
Or guide thro' Heav'ns Blue Tracks the Starry Team?
Do all the ſhining, vaſt Machines above
By thy Contrivance in ſuch Order move?
If ſo — Still thy Divinity to prove.
Set open now the Flood-gates of the Sky.
And call a mighty Deluge from on high,
Kindle prodigous Light'nings, and command
The burning Flaſhes with a daring Hand,

I'll

I'll then confeſs thou haſt an Arm like me,
And that thy one Right Hand can ſuccour thee.

H Y M N.

Whom have I in Heaven but Thee, &c.
Pſal. 73. 25.

By an unknown Hand.

I.

THE Calls of Glory, Beauties Smiles,
And Charms of Harmony,
Are all but dull inſipid Things,
Compar'd, my God, with thee.

II.

Without thy Love I nothing crave,
And nothing can enjoy,
The profer'd World I ſhou'd neglect
As an unenvied Toy.

III.

The Sun, the num'rous Stars, and all
The Wonders of the Skies,

If to be purchas'd with thy Smiles
Thou know'ſt I wou'd deſpiſe.

IV.

What were the Earth, the Sun, the Stars,
Or Heav'n it ſelf, to me,
My Life, my everlaſting Bliſs,
If not ſecur'd of thee.

V.

Celeſtial Bow'rs, Seraphick Songs,
And Fields of endleſs Light,
Wou'd all unentertaining Prove
Without thy Bliſsful Sight.

By an unknown Hand.

I Come, I come, and joyfully obey
The Fatal Voice that ſummons me away:
With Pleaſure I reſign this mortal Breath,
And fall a willing Sacrifice to Death.
O welcome Stroke that gives me Liberty!
Welcome as to the Slave a Jubilee.
Of the vain World I take my laſt Adieu,
The promis'd Land is now within my View;
The Clouds diſpel, the ſtormy Danger's paſt
And I attain the peaceful Shores at laſt.
My Hopes dear Objects now are all in Sight,
The Lands of Love, and unexhauſted Light,

The

The flowing Streams of Joy, and endleſs Bliſs
The ſhining Plains, and Walks of Paradice,
The Trees of Life, Immortal Fruits and Flowers,
The tall celeſtial Groves, and charming Bowers.
I breathe the balmy Empirean Air,
The Songs of Angels, and their Harps, I hear
And ſcarce the fierce tyrannick Joy can bear

H Y M N.

I.

IMmortal Fountain of my Life,
My laſt, my nobleſt, End.
Eternal Centre of my Soul,
Where all its Motions tend.

II.

Thou Object of my deareſt Love,
My Heav'nly Paradice,
The Spring of all my flowing Joys,
My everlaſting Bliſs.

III.

My God, my Hope, my vaſt Reward,
And all I wou'd poſſeſs,
Still more than theſe pathetick Names
And charming Words expreſs!

Thoughts on DEATH.

By a Young Lady.

I.

I'M almoſt to the Fatal Period come,
My forward Glaſs has well nigh run its laſt;
E'er a few Moments I muſt hear the Doom,
Which ne'er will be recall'd when once 'tis paſt.

II.

Methinks I have Eternity in View,
And dread to reach the Edges of the Shore,
Nor doth the Proſpect the leſs diſmal ſhew
For all the Thouſands that have launch'd before.

III.

Why weep, my Friends? What is their Loſs to mine?
I have but one poor doubtful Stake to throw
And with a dying Pray'r my Hopes reſign,
If that be loſt, I'm loſt for ever too.

IV. 'Tis

IV.

Tis not the painful Agonies of Death,
Nor all the gloomy Horrors of the Grave?
Were that the worſt, unmov'd I'd yield my Breath,
And with a Smile the King of Terrors brave.

V.

But there's an After-day, 'tis that I fear:
Oh, who ſhall hide me from that angry Brow?
Already I the dreadful Accents hear,
Depart from me, and that for ever too.

PARAPHRASE *on* Cant. vii. 11.

By the ſame Hand.

I.

COme, thou moſt charming Object of my Love,
What's all this dull Society to us?
Let's to the peaceful Shades and Springs remove,
I'm here uneaſie, tho' I linger thus.

II.

What are the Trifles that I leave behind?
I've more than all the valu'd World in thee,

Where all my Joys and Wiſhes are confin'd,
Thour't Day, and Life, and Heav'n it ſelf to me.

III.

Come, my Beloved, then let us repair
To thoſe bleſt Seats where we'll our Flames improve,
Oh, with what Heat ſhall I careſs thee there!
And in ſweet Tranſports give up all my Love.

PARAPHRASE *on* Micah vi. 6, 7.

By the ſame Hand.

I.

WHerewith ſhall I approach this awful Lord?
What ſhall I bring?
What Sacrifice
Will not ſo great a Deity deſpiſe?
Tell me you lofty Spirits that fall down,
The neareſt to his Throne,
O tell me how,
Or wherewithal ſhall I before my own and your dread Maker bow?
Will *Carmel's* verdant Top afford
No equal Offering?
Ten Thouſand Rams: A bounteous Preſent 'tis,

When

When all the Flocks upon a Thouſand ſpacious
Hills are his,
Will Streams of Fragrant Oil his Wrath
controul?
Or the more precious Flood
Of my dear Firſt-born's Blood,
Compound for all my Debts, and make a full A-
tonement for my Soul?

II.

If not, Great God, what then doſt thou require?
Or what wilt thou deſign to accept from me?
All that my own thou giv'ſt me leave to call
I willingly agen reſign to thee,
My Youth, with all its blooming Heat,
My Muſe, and ev'ry raptur'd Thought to thee I
dedicate.
'Tis fit the Product of that Sacred Fire
Shou'd to its own Celeſtial Orb retire,
And all my darling Vanities
For thee I'll ſacrifice:
My fav'rite Vice and all,
Among the reſt promiſcuouſly ſhall fall?
No more the fond Beloved Sin I'll ſpare,
Than the great Patriarch wou'd have done his
Heir.
And this, Great God, altho' a worthleſs Prize,
Is a ſincere, entire, and early, Sacrifice.

DIALOGUE between a good Spirit newly parted from the Body, and the Angels that came to conduct him to Glory.

By Mr. BOWDEN.

Spirit.

—AT length the dismal Strife is past,
The cruel Bond dissolv'd that held me back so fast.
I felt when first the curdling Blood grew cold,
And rapid Wheels of Life no longer roul'd?
With Joy I felt all this, with Joy resign'd
My vital Breath, and left the Flesh behind:
Long, long I struggled with my mortal Chain,
Long bore the double Load of Sin and Pain?
Long sigh'd and wish'd for this auspicious Day,
And wonder'd at the Moments dull Delay.
Wide was the Gulf, and Deep, but now I'm o'er,
Am landed safe on the Eternal Shore.
Welcome for ever then this happy Change,
Welcome the charming Paths I now shall range;
Welcome first Dawnings of Immortal Light,
Welcome ye glorious Beings to my Sight,

Angels.

Angels.

And Welcome, Welcome, to our peaceful Arms,
We come to guard thee from all future Harms;
From Heav'ns high Court we come—th' Eternal King,
Whoſe Will we all obey, and Praiſes ſing,
Sent us thus far, (ſo Great his Bounty is!)
To waft thee to the Seats of endleſs Bliſs:
This Morn we left his Throne—The conquer'd Light
Lagg'd dully after, wondring at our Flight.

Spirit.

O Sacred Miniſters of Heav'ns Decree!
O you that ſtream with radiant Majeſty!
Why on this Meſſage ſent? Why this Regard to me?
Return, return, to Heav'n from whence you came,
There warble Hymns to the Creator's Name,
Make ſhining Circles there around his Throne,
'Tis he deſerves ſuch Guards, and he alone:
Unworthy I in ſuch a Grace to ſhare;
Unworthy of your leaſt Regard or Care.

Angels.

Not thy Deſerts, but free, unbounded, Love,
Was all the Spring that cou'd thy Maker move.

That

That Love which did at firſt they Being raiſe,
Preſerve thy Health, and number out thy Days,
And all thoſe num'rous ample Gifts beſtow
While yet a Tenant of the World below?
That Love which ſent his Dear and Only Son
To Ranſom thee, and all Mankind, undone;
Sent him to feel th' Extreams of Miſery,
To want, to mourn, be tortur'd, bleed and die;
Which ſhelter'd thee from th' avenging Stroke,
And Hell's Eternal Chain aſunder broke:
Which Heavn's Immortal Doors ſet open wide,
And did in ſhining Paths of Virtue guide;
Ev'n that now ſends us forth to lead the Way
To the bright Regions of Celeſtial Day.

Nor come we only for Solemnity,
To make a pompous Progreſs thro' the Sky:
Thou need'ſt theſe Rays, thou need'ſt theſe potent Arms,
To guide and guard thee ſtom ſurrounding Harms;

For long's the Way, and vaſt, thou art to ſteer,
No Land-marks there, nor beaten Roads appear
Ten Thouſand, Thouſand, Thouſand, Leagues, and more,
Thou muſt thro' Fields of trackleſs Æther ſoar,
And here thou'lt paſs th' unhoſpitable Plains,
Where Night in everlaſting Silence reigns,

Where

Where no Glad Rays do e'er the Gloom adorn,
Save what by us are in our Paſſage worn:
There mighty Orbs will roul acroſs the Skies,
And Comets of prodigious Form and Size,
Myriads of Starry Worlds ſurprize thy Sight
With Blazes of unſufferable Light.

Thus then by Turns thou'lt need our pow'rful Aid,
Our Rays to Light, and ſpreading Wings to Shade.

Beſides —— Apoſtate Angels in thy Way,
More thick than falling Leaves of Autumn ſtray;
Theſe, were we abſent, tho' they can't deſtroy,
In ſpight would all their helliſh Arts annoy:
Some dreſt in hideous Shapes, wou'd ſtalk before,
Some dog it after with infernal Roar;
Some Icy Hills along thy Paſſage ſtrow,
Some make thro' Pitchy Clouds red Lightning glow,
Some Thunder from above, ſome from below.
And when theſe frightful Methods don't avail,
Nor ſhock thy Peace, nor make thy Courage fail,
They'll next with tender, flatt'ring Charms amuſe,
And all their ſoft enticing Arts will uſe;

Will

Will ſeem like us, Celeſtial Angels fair;
Such their Proportion, ſuch their Mien and Air,
In all the Bloom of Heav'nly Youth appear,
And with melodious Sounds invite thy Ear:
Here warbl'ing Birds will ſoftly hover round,
While Silver Fountains murmur to their Sound:
There flow'ry Fields their Fragrancy diſpenſe,
And with Ten Thouſand Beauties court thy Senſe.
Theſe Arts, and more, if found alone, they'll try
To curb thy ſoaring Flight, and ſtain thy Piety.
But at our Sight they feel a trembling Awe,
Run howling o'er the Waſte, and to their Dens withdraw.

Nor think we ſuch a Charge as this diſdain,
And undergo the humble Task with Pain.
For ev'ry Part of the Almighty's Will,
With eager Joy, with Raptures, we fulfil;
But Love it ſelf's a pow'rful Motive here,
Love makes thee to theſe Eyes, theſe Arms moſt dear.
Let's then aſcend—And thus we ſpread our Wings,
And thus we ſoar—Adieu to earthly Things.

Spirit.

Adieu, adieu, with Joy, dear Guides I go:
Adieu the nauſeous Sink of Sin and Woe.

No

No more ſhall I thoſe diſmal Proſpects view,
Which did each Day my bitter Griefs renew.
No more behold the Perſecutors Rage,
Nor all the monſtrous Vices of the Age.
In *Meſech's* curſed Tents no more ſhall dwell,
No more be tortur'd with the Sons of Hell.
No more ſhall Sin's foul Stains pollute my Soul,
Nor earthly Cares my better Part controul.
No more ſhall bear Diſeaſes cruel Smart,
Nor feel Death's Fatal Arrows wound my Heart

Angels.

No, happy Soul, thy Tragick Part is o'er,
Thy Sorrows all are fled, thy Dangers are no more.
Pure Love, triumphant Peace, and high Renown
Shall float around thee now, and all thy Labours crown.
Happy the Day that ſaw thee leave thy Sin,
And bravely Vertue's ſhining Race begin.
That ſaw thee hearken to the Voice of God,
His Laws obey, and tremble at his Rod.
Saw thee diſſolve before his flaming Love,
And towards his awful Throne in holy Breathings move.
O had'ſt thou ſtill thy darling Vice purſu'd,
And ſtill been like thy Tempters, Vain and Lewd,
How wretched now had been thy certain Fate!
And in what Floods of Tears woud'ſt thou repent too late?

Thou

Thou muſt, for theſe kind Looks and Arms of ours
Have felt the Fury of Infernal Pow'rs,
To Hell's dark Priſon in their Paws been drawn,
Where Goblins ſtalk, Snakes hiſs, and Monſters yawn;
Where roaring Flames, and Shrieks of thoſe in Pains,
Mix with the Yells of Fiends, and Clinks of Chains;
Where no bright Morn diſplays a chearful Face,
But crouding Horrors fill the gloomy Space,
And num'rous dreadful Woes all Joys for ever chace.
But now thou'rt ſafe---and now to Heav'n we go,
To Heav'n, where Ties of endleſs Glory flow,
And Light's diffuſive Rays no Limits know:
Where Scenes of Bliſs, and charming Wonders, dwell,
Wonders too big for Angels Tongues to tell!
There ſits th' Almighty thron'd in awful State,
As kind as High, as Good as he is Great;
From thence his Eyes remoteſt Cornes pierce,
And range thro' all the ſpacious Univerſe,

From

From thence he ſcatters Bleſſings, and from thence
Does Sov'reign Rule to num'rous Worlds diſpence,
While meaneſt Creatures feel his chearing Influence.

Immortal Beams his dazling Throne ſurround,
And in his Preſence all Delights abound.
Seraph, and Cherub, bow before his Seat,
And Everlaſting Songs of Praiſe repeat:
Down proſtrate at his Feet themſelves they lay,
His mighty Name adore, and dread Commands obey.

Theſe, and the Saints, ſhall thy Companions be,
The Saints, from all their Imperfections Free,
And grac'd with Knowledge, Love, and Piety.

We all are there array'd in Heav'nly Light,
And all in ſtricteſt Bonds of Love unite.
And jointly all with rapt'rous Ardour ſing
Glad Hallelujahs to th' Eternal King.
There too thou ſhalt thy Kind Redemer ſee,
Who ſcorn'd his State, and left all Heav'n for thee;
Shalt feel the Tranſports of his charming Face,
And dwell for ever in his Dear Embrace.
Thy Pious Friends who fought with Vice below,
And ſtood the Torrent till Death's Fatal Blow,

In these blest Mansions thou agen shalt find
More Pure, more Wise, more Generous and Kind.
Thy Dear *Palemon*, Dearer than thy Soul,
Whose mighty Loss thou did'st so long condole,
Who with thee joy'd to run the glorious Race,
With equal Love, and with an equal Pace,
Shall thee agen with soft Caresses meet,
And in loud Welcomes thy Arrival greet;
You both shall now your Sacred Flames improve
Shall both dissolve in pure Empireal Love,
For ever both in these bright Realms remain,
In Joys be delug'd, and in Glory reign.

PARAPHRASE *on* Malachi iii.

By a young Lady.

IN vain ye murmur; we have serv'd the Lord;
As vainly list'ned to his flatt'ring Word;
He has forgot, or spake not as he meant,
Else why are we thus idly penitent?
Ye call the Haughty, Blest, erecting those
That dare my Judgments impiously oppose,
And own, nay, almost boast, themselves my Foes:

Whose

Whose Crimes wou'd, were I not a God, command
The flaming Bolts from my unwilling Hand.

Then they that fear'd my great and awful Name,
The only few that dar'd oppose the Stream,
Unmov'd, against the vulgar Torrent stood,
In spight of Numbers resolutely Good;
Not taxing with undecent Insolence
The dark Enigmas of my Providence;
But saw me still illustrious thro' the Flame,
And lov'd, and spake, spake often of my Name.
As oft I closely listned, nor shall they
Pass unrewarded at the last great Day;
When all their Pious Services I'll own,
For in my Records I shall find them down.
Their Brows I'll crown with Wreaths of Victory,
Whilst Men and Angels stand Spectators by:
Aloud I'll then, aloud proclaim them mine,
And 'mongst my brightest Treasures they shall shine;
Their Frailty with more Tenderness than e'er
A Father did his only Sons, I'll spare;

And then,—but oh! too late, you'll find it then,
Who were the Wise, the only Thinking Men:

Then

Then you ſhall nothing but Deriſion meet,
Whilſt Angels them with loud Applauſes greet.

The MEDITATION.

I.

IT muſt be done, my Soul, but 'tis a ſtrange,
A diſmal, and myſterious Change!
When thou ſhalt leave this Tenement of Clay,
And to an unknown Somewhere wing away,
When Time ſhall be Eternity, and thou
Shalt be thou know'ſt not what, and live thou know'ſt not how.

II.

Amazing State! No Wonder that we dread
To think of Death, or view the Dead;
Thou'rt all wrapt up in Shades, as if to thee
Our very Knowledge had Antipathy:
Death could not a more ſad Retinue find,
Sickneſs and Pain before, and Darkneſs all behind.

III.

Some courteous Ghoſt tell this great Secrecy,
What 'tis you are, and we muſt be.

You

You warn us of approaching Death, and why?
May we not know from you what 'tis to die?
But you having ſhot the Gulph, delight to ſee
Succeeding Souls plunge in with like Uncertainty.

IV.

When Life's cloſe Knot by Writ, from Deſtiny,
Diſeaſe ſhall cut, or Age untye,
When after ſome Delays, ſome dying Strife,
The Soul ſtands ſhivering on the Ridge of Life,
With what a dreadful Curioſity
Does ſhe launch out into the Sea of vaſt Eternity.

V.

So when the ſpacious Globe was delug'd o'er,
And lower Holds could ſave no more,
On th' utmoſt Boughs th' aſtoniſh'd Sinners ſtood,
And view'd th' Advances of th' incroaching Flood;
Oe'r-topp'd at length by th' Elements Increaſe,
With Horror they reſign'd to the untry'd Abyſs.

The LXIIId *Chapter of* ISAIAH *Paraphras'd to the Sixth Verse.*

A Pindarick ODE.

I.

STrange Scene of Glory! Am I well awake?
Or is't my Fancy's wild Miſtake?
It cannot be a Dream, bright Beams of Light,
Flow from the Viſion's Face, and pierce my tender Sight.
No common Viſion this, I ſee
Some Marks of more than humane Majeſty.
Who is this mighty Hero? Who?
With Glories round his Head, and Terror in his Brow?
From *Bozrah* lo he comes, a Scarlet Dye
O'er ſpreads his Cloaths, and does outvie
The Bluſhes of the Morning Sky.
Triumphant and Victorious he appears.
And Honour in his Looks and Habit wears.
How ſtrong he treads? How ſtately does he go?
Pompous and Solemn in his Pace,
And full of Majeſty, as is his Face.

Who

Who is this mighty Hero ? Who ?
'Tis I, who to my Promise Faithful stand ;
I who the Powers of Death, Hell and the Grave
Have foil'd with this All-conquering Hand ;
I, who most ready am, and mighty too, to save.

II.

Why wear'st thou then this Scarlet Dye ?
Say mighty Hero, why ?
Why do thy Garments look all Red,
Like them that in the Wine-press tread ?
The Wine-press I alone have trod,
That vast unweildly Frame which long did stand
Unmov'd, and which no mortal Force could e'er command ;
That pond'rous Mass I ply'd alone,
And with me to assist were none.
A mighty Task it was, Worthy the Son of God,
Angels stood trembling at thy dreadful Sight,
Concern'd with what Success I should go thro'
The Work I undertook to do ;
Enrag'd I put forth all my Might,
And down the Engine press'd, the violent Force
Disturb'd the Universe, put Nature out of Course :
The Blood gush'd out in Streams and chequer'd o'er
My Garments with its deepest Gore,
With ornamental Drops bedeck'd I stood,
And writ my Victory with my Enemies *Blood*.

III.

The Day, the Signal Day, is come,
When of my Enemies I muſt Vengeance take;
The Day when Death ſhall have its Doom,
And the dark Kingdom with its Powers ſhall ſhake.
Fate in her Kalendar mark'd out this Day with Red,
She folded down the Iron Leaf, and thus ſhe ſaid:
This Day, if ought I can divine be true,
Shall for a Signal Victory
Be celebrated to Poſterity:
Then ſhall the Prince of Light deſcend,
And reſcue Mortals from th' Infernal Fiend,
Break through his ſtrongeſt Forts, and all his Hoſts ſubdue.
This ſaid, ſhe ſhut the *Adamantine* Volume cloſe,
And wiſh'd ſhe might the crowding Years tranſpoſe;
So much ſhe long'd to have the Scene diſplay,
And ſee the vaſt Event of this important Day.
And now in midſt of the revolving Years,
This great, this mighty one appears:
The Faithful Traveller, the Sun,
Has number'd out the Days, and the ſet Period run:
I look'd, and to aſſiſt was none.

My

My Angelick Guards ſtood trembling by,
But durſt not venture nigh.
In vain too from my Father did I look
For Help, my Father me forſook:
Amaz'd I was to ſee
How all deſerted me;
I took my Fury for my ſole Support,
And with my ſingle Arm the Conqueſt won;
Loud Acclamations fill'd all Heaven's Court;
The Hymning Guards above,
Strain'd to an higher Pitch of Joy and Love,
The great *Jehovah* prais'd, and his victorious Son.

The ELEVATION.

I.

TAke Wing, my Soul, and upwards bend thy Flight,
To thy originary Fields of Light.
Here's nothing, nothing, here below
That can deſerve thy longer Stay;
A ſecret Whiſper bids thee go
To purer Air and Beams of native Day.
Th' Ambition of the tow'ring Lark outvie,
And like him ſing as thou doſt upward fly.

II.

How all things leſſen which my Soul before
Did with the grov'ling Multitude adore!
Thoſe Pageant Glories diſappear,
Which charm and dazle Mortals Eyes;
How do I in this higher Sphere,
How do I Mortals with their Joys deſpiſe?
Pure uncorrupted Elements I breathe,
And pity their groſs Atmoſphere beneath.

III.

How Vile, how Sordid, here thoſe Trifles ſhew,
That place the Tenants of that Ball below?
But ha! I've loſt the little Sight,
The Scene's remov'd and all I ſee
Is one confus'd, dark, Maſs of Night;
What nothing was, now nothing ſeems to be.
How Calm this Region, how Serene, how Clear,
Sure I ſome Strains of Heavenly Muſick hear.

IV.

On, on, the Task is eaſie now and light,
No Steams of Earth can here retard thy Flight.
Thou need'ſt not now thy Stroaks renew
'Tis but to ſpread thy Pinions wide,
And thou with eaſe thy Seat wilt view,
Drawn by the Bent of the Ætherial Tide.

'Tis

'Tis ſo, I find how ſweetly on I move,
Not let by things below, and help'd by thoſe above.

V.

But ſee to what new Region am I come,
I know it well, it is my native Home.
Here led I once a Life Divine,
Which did all Good, no Evil, know,
Ah! Who would ſuch ſweet Bliſs reſign
For thoſe vain Shews which Fools admire below?
'Tis true, but don't of Folly paſt complain,
But joy to ſee thoſe bleſt Abodes again.

VI.

A good Retrieve? but lo, while thus I ſpeak
With piercing Rays th' Eternal Day does break;
Beauties of the Face Divine
Strike ſtrongly on my feeble Sight,
With what bright Glories does it ſhine!
'Tis one Immenſe and Everflowing Light:
Stop here, my Soul, thou canſt not fear more Bliſs.
Nor can thy now rais'd Palate ever reliſh leſs.

The CXLVIII PSALM PARAPHRAS'D.

By the same Author.

I.

O Come let all created Force conspire
A general Hymn of praise to sing,
Joyn all ye Creatures in one Solemn Quire,
And let your Theme be Heaven's Almighty King.

II.

Begin, ye blest Attendants of his Seat,
Begin your high Seraphick Lays,
'Tis Just you should, your Happiness is great,
And all you are to give again is Praise.

III.

Ye glorious Lamps that rule both Night and Day
Bring you your Hallelujahs too;
To him that Tribute of Devotion pay
Which once blind Superstition gave to you.

IV. Thou

IV.

Thou Firſt and Faireſt of Material Kind,
By whom his other Works we ſee,
Subtil and Active as pure Thought and Mind,
Praiſe him that's Elder and more Fair than thee.

V.

Ye Regions of the Air his Praiſes ſing,
And all ye Virgin Waters there,
Do you Advantage to the Conſort bring,
And down to us the Hallelujah bear.

VI.

In chanting forth the great *Jehovah*'s Praiſe,
Let theſe the upper Conſort fill;
He ſpake, and did you all from nothing raiſe,
As you did then, ſo now obey his Will.

VII.

His Will that fix'd you in a conſtant State,
And cut a Track for Nature's Wheel;
Here let it run, ſaid he, and made it Fate;
And where's that Power which can this Law repeal?

VIII.

Ye Powers that to th' inferiour World retain,
Joyn you now with the Quire above:
And firſt, ye Dragons, try an higher Strain,

And turn your angry Hiſſings into Praiſe and
Love.

IX.

Let Fire, Hail, Snow and Vapours, that aſcend,
Unlock'd by *Phœbus* ſearching Rays;
Let Stormy Winds ambitiouſly contend,
And all their wonted Force employ in Praiſe.

X.

Ye Sacred Tops which ſeem to brave the Skies,
Riſe higher, and when Men on you
Religious Rites perform, and Sacrifice,
With their Oblations ſend your Praiſes too.

XI.

Ye Trees, whoſe Fruits both Men and Beaſts conſume,
Be you in Praiſes Fruitful too;
Ye Cedars, why have you ſuch choice Perfume,
But that ſweet Incenſe ſhould be made of you?

XII.

Ye Beaſts, with all the humble creeping Train,
Praiſe him that made your Lot ſo high;
Ye Birds, who in a nobler Province reign,
Send up your Praiſes higher than you fly.

XIII.

Ye Sacred Heads that wear Imperial Gold,
Praiſe him that you with Power Arrays:

And

And you whose Hands the Scale of Justice hold,
Be Just in this, and pay your Debt of Praise.

XIV.

Let sprightly Youth give Vigour to the Quire,
Each Sex with one another vie;
Let feeble Age dissolv'd in Praise expire,
And Infants too in Hymns their tender Voices try.

XV.

Praise him ye Saints who Piety profess,
And at his Altar spend your Days;
Ye Seed of *Israel* your great Patron bless,
'Tis Manna this, for Angels Food is Praise.

The RESIGNATION.

By the same Hand.

I.

LOng have I view'd, long have I thought,
And held with trembling Hands this bitter Draught;
'Twas now just to my Lips apply'd,
Nature shrunk back, and all my Courage dy'd;

But now Reſolv'd and Firm I'll be,
Since, Lord, 'tis mingled and held out by thee.

II.

I'll truſt my great Phyſician's Skill;
I know what he preſcribes can ne'er be ill:
To each Diſeaſe he knows what's fit;
I own him Wiſe, and Good, and do ſubmit:
I now no longer grieve or pine,
Since 'tis thy Pleaſure, Lord, it ſhall be mine.

III.

Thy Med'cine puts me to great Smart,
Thou'ſt wounded me in my moſt tender Part:
But 'tis with a Deſign to cure;
I muſt and will thy Sovereign Touch endure:
All that I priz'd below is gone,
But yet I ſtill will pray *thy Will be done.*

IV.

Since 'tis thy Sentence I ſhould part
With the moſt precious Treaſure of my Heart,
I freely that and more reſign;
My Heart it ſelf, as its Delight, is thine;
My little All I give to thee;
Thou giv'ſt a greater Gift, thy Son, to me.

V.

He left true Bliſs and Joys above,
Himſelf he emptied of all Good but Love;

For

For me he freely did forſake
More Good than he from me can ever take;
A mortal Life for a Divine
He took, and did at laſt ev'n that reſign.

VI.

Take all, Great God, I will not grieve,
But ſtill will wiſh that I had ſtill to give;
I hear thy Voice, thou bidſt me quit
My Paradice, I bleſs and do ſubmit;
I will not murmur at thy Word,
Nor beg thy Angel to ſheath up his Sword.

The PROSPECT.

By the ſame Author.

I.

WHat a ſtrange Moment will it be,
My Soul? How full of Curioſity?
When wing'd and ready for thy Eternal Flight,
To th' utmoſt Edges of thy tottering Clay,
Hovering, and wiſhing longer Stay,
Thou ſhalt advance, and have Eternity in Sight
When juſt about to try that unknown Sea,
What a ſtrange Moment will it be!

II. But

II.

But yet how much more ſtrange that State!
When looſen'd from th' Embrace of this cloſe Mate,
Thou ſhalt at once be plung'd in Liberty,
And move as Swift and Active as a Ray
Shot from the lucid Spring of Day.
Thou who juſt now waſt clogg'd with dull Mortality,
How wilt thou bear the mighty Change? How know
Whether thou'rt then the ſame or no?

III.

Then to ſtrange Manſions of the Air,
And ſtranger Company, muſt thou repair;
What a new Scene of Things will then appear;
This World thou by degrees was taught to know,
Which leſſen'd thy Surprize below
But Knowledge all at once will overflow the there.
That World, as the firſt Man did this, thou'lt ſee
Ripe grown in full Maturity.

IV.

There with bright Splendours muſt thou dwell,
And be what only thoſe pure Forms can tell;

There

There muſt thou live awhile, gaze and admire,
'Till the great Angels Trump this Fabrick ſhake,
And all the ſlumbering Dead awake;
Then to thy old forgotten State muſt thou retire;
This Union then will be as ſtrange, or more
Than thy new Liberty before.

V.

Now for the greateſt Change prepare,
To ſee the only Great, the only Fair,
Veil now thy feeble Eyes, gaze and be bleſt;
Here all thy Turns and Revolutious ceaſe,
Here's all Serenity and Peace;
Thou'rt to the Centre come, the Native Seat of Reſt
There's now no further Change, nor need there be
When one ſhall be Variety.

PSALM CXXXVII.

Paraphras'd to the Seventh Verſe.

By the ſame Author.

I.

BEneath a reverend gloomy Shade.
Where *Tygris* and *Euphrates* cut their Way,
With folded Arms and Heads ſupinely laid,
We ſate and wept out all the tedious Day;
Within its Banks Grief could not be
Contain'd, when, *Sion*, we remember'd thee.

II.

Our Harps, with which we oft had ſung
In Solemn Strains the great *Jehovah's* Praiſe,
Our warbling Harps, upon the Trees we hung,
Too Deep our Grief to hear their pleaſing Lays.
Our Harps were ſad as well as we,
And tho' by Angels touch'd would yield no Harmony.

III.

But they who forc'd us from our Seat,
The happy Land and ſweet Abode of Reſt,

Had

Had one Way left to be more cruel yet,
And ask'd a Song from Hearts with Grief oppreſt;
Let's hear, ſay they, upon the Lyre,
One of the Anthems of your *Hebrew* Quire.

IV.

How can we frame our Voice to ſing
The Hymns of Joy, Feſtivity, and Praiſe,
To thoſe who're Aliens to our Heavenly King,
And want a Taſte for ſuch exalted Lays?
Our Harps will here refuſe to ſound;
An Holy Song is due to Holy Ground.

V.

No, Deareſt *Sion*, if we can
So far forget thy melancholy State,
As now thou mourn'ſt, to ſing one chearful Strain,
This Ill be added to our Ebb of Fate,
Let neither Harp nor Voice e'er try
One Halleujah more, but ever ſilent lye.

HYMN to the Redeemer of the World.

By Mr. BOWDEN.

I.

WHom ſhou'd I praiſe O Chriſt, but thee?
Whoſe Praiſes Angels ſing,
Who the Eternal Envoy art
Of the Eternal King.

II.

From Heav'ns High Court thou didſt deſcend;
Love led thee on thy Way:
Thou ſaw'ſt Man's fatal Wreck, and lo!
Thy Pity cou'd not ſtay.

III.

Swift as the Journeys of the Morn
To Earth thou tak'ſt thy Flight:
A new-born Star attends thy Birth,
And glows with joyful Light.

IV.

Seraph and Cherub hail the News,
Freſh Joys their Heaven improve,

While

While loſt in Wonder they reflect
On th' unexampled Love.

V.

In Throngs their lofty Seats they leave,
And humble *Æther* preſs;
Look down and view the wondrous Scene,
And as they view they bleſs.

VI.

To loftier Notes their Harps they raiſe,
And loftier Hymns rehearſe,
While Shepherds leave their Rural Strains
To hear Celeſtial Verſe.

VII.

" Glory to God, is all their Song,
" Glory to God moſt high,
" All Glory to the Ranſomer
" Of Man's Poſterity.

VIII.

Thro' all th' immeaſur'd Tracts of Space,
And rowling Orbs on high,
Thro' all the Fields of heav'nly Light,
And Kingdoms of the Sky.

IX.

Down thro' the Hollows of the Earth,
Thro' Hell's extenſive Bounds,

And

And all the dismal Vaults below
The Harmony resounds.

X.

With trembling hellish Furies hear
The News of Man's Relief;
It tracks them with redoubled Pains
And more inflames their Grief.

XI.

With hideous Roars they shake all Hell,
And rage in wild Despair,
They bite their everlasting Chains,
And rend their Snaky Hair.

XII.

But O the Joy, the Peace, the Bliss,
The sound to Mortals brings,
It chears the dismal Gloom and flies
With Raptures on its Wings.

XIII.

Redemption! O the charming News!
From deepest Guilt and Hell.
Redemption! For a trayt'rous World
That freely did rebel.

XIV.

Wondrous Redemption! wondrous Grace!
That does Mankind restore

To

To all the Joys were loſt by Sin,
To all, and vaſtly more.

XV.

That points the Way, and opens wide
The everlaſting Gate,
Allures us with immortal Crowns,
And Robes of heav'nly State.

XVI.

O Action worthy of a God!
O Love beyond Degree!
O Condeſcenſion infinite!
O boundleſs Charity!

XVII.

O! how I'm delug'd o're, and loſt,
In this profound Abyſs;
It fills my Head with glorious Scenes,
My Heart with Extaſies.

XVIII.

Lord, why to Rebel Man ſhou'dſt thou
Such matchleſs Favours ſhew?
Why court the Wretch that ſhun'd thy Sight,
That ſought thy Overthrow?

XIX.

Is it becauſe thou need'ſt his Aid,
Thou doſt his Friendſhip ſue?

Will elſe thy Bliſs be incompleat?
Thy Praiſes be but few?

XX.

Or waſt thou, Lord, compell'd to leave
Thy Triumphs in the Sky?
And range along the horrid Vale
Of Death and Miſery?

XXI.

Alas! what Force cou'd Thee compel;
Who art Almighty ſtill?
Who mad'ſt and rul'ſt the floating Worlds
According to thy Will?

XXII.

Or, Lord, what Want can'ſt Thou endure,
Who all Things doſt poſſeſs?
Whoſe flowing Glories know no ebb,
No Bounds Thy Happineſs?

XXIII.

Ten Thouſand Thouſand Angel-Troops
Thy Majeſty adore:
And with a Word Thou canſt create
Ten Thouſand Thouſand more.

XXIV.

Ev'n theſe with all their Hymns of Praiſe
No Profit bring to Thee,

Who

Who only art Thy own Delight,
Thy own Felicity.

XXV.

Why then to Rebel Man ſhould'ſt Thou
Such matchleſs Favour ſhew?
Why court the Wretch that ſhunn'd thy Sight?
That ſought thy Overthrow?

XXVI.

Why; but becauſe, dear Lord, with Thee
Was Mercies boundleſs Store,
Becauſe Thy Goodneſs ſcorn'd Reſtraint,
And proudly delug'd o're.

XXVII.

'Twas this alone that made Thee leave
Thy gorious State above,
In Manhood veil the God, and part
With all thy Heav'n but Love.

XXVIII.

A Servant's deſpicable Form
This made Thee gladly wear,
Sleep, Hunger, Thirſt, and Cold endure,
And Mocks of Sinners hear.

XXIX.

This led Thee thro' the raging Flames,
And thro' th' impetuous Flood,

With

With diſmal Clouds involv'd thy Soul,
And dy'd thy Robes in Blood.

XXX.

The Wine-preſs of Almighty Wrath
This made Thee freely tread,
With baſeſt Villains choſe thy Lot,
And with the ſilent Dead.

XXXI.

O ſtrange Effect of Saving Love!
What Love does this require?
How ſhou'd it melt away thy Soul
In Flames of Am'rous Fire?

XXXII.

How ſhou'd thy Mouth be fill'd with Praiſe?
What Homage ſhouldſt thou pay
To him who plung'd in Night for Thee,
And turn'd thy Night to Day?

XXXIII.

O can'ſt thou ſee God's darling Son
Forſake his Lofty Throne?
Forſake his Guards and Glories all
To try the Vaſt alone?

XXXIV.

From World to World, from Heav'n to Earth,
Behold him ſwiftly come,

Behold

Behold him ſhroud his ſacred Form
In *Mary*'s Virgin Womb?

XXXV.

Behold the God [O wonder] born!
Behold him bleed and die,
And not by Turns within Thee feel
Th' Extreams of Grief and Joy?

XXXVI.

Of Grief, to think what He endur'd,
Of Joy, and Praiſe, to ſee
What mighty Bleſſings He deſign'd
In all my Soul for Thee.

The WARNING.

ALL you who leap Religion's ſacred Fence,
And hunt th' ignoble Chace of Luſt and Senſe,
Whoſe impious Breaſt ſome helliſh Fiend inſpires!
And Tongues, and Eyes confeſs adult'rous Fires;
Who down your wretched Souls in Floods of Wine,
And to the Beaſt the nobler Man reſign:
Who with loud Oaths, and Curſes rend the Sky,
And dare immortal Virtue's bright Authority.

With earneſt Speed your darling Vice forego,
Which elſe will prove your certain Overthrow.
For ſince Heaven's awful King is Juſt and Pure,
You muſt the Laſhes of his Wrath endure.
Muſt e're 'tis long, to your Confuſion, find
That th' injur'd God is neither Deaf nor Blind.

By Mr. *WESLEY.*

MY Harbingers the ſeven Archangels bright,
Hark how their Trumps the guilty World affright;
The awful Trump of God! a Call they ſound,
Is heard thro' Nature's univerſal Round,
That Signal heard from the diſſolving Sky,
Decrepid Nature lays her down to dye.
Not ſo Man's deathleſs Race, who now revive,
And muſt in Joy, or Pain for ever live.
From long confining Tombs each dusky Gueſt
Diſturb'd ariſe, moſt never more to reſt.
The cluſtring Atoms, as before they were,
Together troop, the Earth, the Sea, the Air,
Give up their Dead, how different all they riſe!
Theſe light and chearful, theſe behold the Skies
With Looks adverſe, and horrid, how they ſhine
All dreadful bright, all red with Wrath Divine!
Even you fair Star, whoſe Webs of Light diſperſe
Their golden Threads around the Univerſe,

Looſe

Looſe from its Centre down Heaven's Hill muſt roll,
And by its Fall unhinge the ſteddy Pole.
And whilſt it hiſſing in th' Abyſs is found,
Ten thouſand leſſer Suns lye ſcatter'd round.
The Moon's bright Eye ſhall dark and blood-ſhot grow,
Reflecting only Smoak, and Fire below.
Vaſt Heaps on Heaps, thick Orbs on Orbs are hurl'd,
Chaos on Chaos, World confus'd with World,
Huge Spheres ſo faſt each after other roll'd,
Even boundleſs ſpace their Ruins ſcarce will hold.
If the great Whole's no more from Fate ſecure,
What Ravage ſhall this little part endure?
This Point in the great Circle as before,
When by th' impetuous Deluge floated o're,
The Oceans both of Heaven and Earth did join,
Both with the Fountains of the Deep combine,
And Wave did after Wave unweary'd come,
Sea after Sea from its Hydropick Womb,
So from the Sources whence that Ruin came
Delug'd with Seats of Fire, and Waves of Flame.
As when Heaven's Vengeance on curſt *Sodom* fell,
The World's one Tophet, now one *Etna*, or one Hell,
From Earth's wide Womb large Floods of Flame ſhall flow
The *fiery Worlds* above ſhall meet with this below,

Hence holy Souls refin'd, and made more bright,
Shall safe immerge to Worlds of calmer Light,
Whilst those still stain'd with odious *Marks* of Sin,
Must desperate sink, for ever sink therein.
But first that Doom, which they deserv'd so well,
They must receive that Sentence, half their Hell.

The Thrones are set, the conscious Angels wait,
And turn th' Eternal brazen Leaves of Fate.
High in the midst shall my Tribunal stand,
Apostles, Prophets, Saints at my Right Hand:
Martyrs and Confessors, a glorious Train,
Now well content to suffer, then to reign;
Whilst on the Left a dismal gloomy Band
Of Kings, proud Nobles, factious Commons stand:
Lewd Priests, Apostate Poets, who disgrace
Their Character, and stain their *Heaven-born* Race.
Lean Hypocrites who by long *Fasts and Prayer*,
Get Damn'd with much of Pains, and much of Care.
But strange! there will not be an *Atheist* there.

All Marshal'd thus, tho' now they're mingled seen,
To you I'll with applauding Smiles begin.

Come you by me and my great Father blest,
Come holy Souls to endless Peace and Rest.

For

For ſome ſhort Years of Miſery and Pain,
In Light, and Joy, for ever with me reign
In that bleſt Place, before all Worlds prepar'd,
By Heavenly Skill, by Hands Almighty rear'd.
In that bad World your ſelves you've faithful
ſhown,
You own'd me there, and you in this I'll own.
Fainting for Hunger me you oft reliev'd,
And burnt with Thirſt I your kind Aid receiv'd.
Wide wandring thro' the World, you entertain'd
Half naked, not my Poverty diſdain'd,
But careful Cloath'd; when ſick your Help did
lend,
Nay, even impriſon'd not forſook your Friend.

With modeſt Joy in their enlighten'd Eyes,
Thus humbly all the Righteous Hoſt replies:
Thy Mercy not our Merits, Lord, we own
Muſt place us by thee on thy radiant Throne.
Much of our ſelves; of Ill our ſelves we know,
Such Good alas, when did we ever do.

Thus they——thus will again the King rejoin
Thoſe Kindneſſes I ſtill accounted mine,
My Friends receiv'd, theſe I did ſtill record,
And this great Day ſhall bring their full Reward.

Then to th' Unjuſt he turns, who trembling
wait
Their too well known intollerable Fate.

Juſtice unmix'd dwells on his Angry Brow,
Tho' Mercy only there, and Pardon now.
(Ah what a Change! why will they not relent,
Since now they may? why will they not repent?
Yet, yet, there's Hope, I'll cover all their Sins;
Then all too late, for thus their Judge begins.)

Go ye accurſt, to endleſs Torment go,
For ſuch your Choice, to endleſs Worlds of woe,
Prepar'd at firſt for thoſe loſt Spirits that fell,
You ſhar'd their Crimes, now doom'd to ſhare their Hell.
In t'other World unkind your ſelves you've ſhown;
Me you diſown'd, you now I here diſown:
Fainting for Hunger, me you'd not relieve,
For Thirſt you'd not one Cup of *Water* give,
When wandring thro' the World ne're entertain'd,
Half *Naked*, *Poor* and *Mean*, you me diſdain'd:
Or Cloath'd with Stripes, when Sick did Curſes lend,
For Balm, Impriſon'd; Stones for Bread you ſend.

With all the haſt of Impudent Deſpair,
They'll all deny, and ask me when and where?

To them my Anſwer like the laſt ſhall be,
What to my Brethren's done, is done to me.

A Place

A Place there is from Heav'ns ſweet Light debarr'd,
Where diſmal Shrieks of guilty Souls are heard:
Loud Yells, deep Groans, thick Stripes, long clank of Chains,
There ſolid everlaſting Darkneſs Reigns.
Even that ſad Fire, which on the Wretched feeds
(Nor new Supplies of Matter ever needs,)
Lends 'em no Gleam, no comfortable Ray,
But change of Torments, meaſure Night and Day,
Hither black Fiends ſhall ſnatch th' Unjuſt away.
And on the Ruins of this flaming Ball,
Tormentors and Tormented both ſhall fall,
Whilſt to th' Abyſs on Waves of Sulphur toſt
And in that direful Gulph for ever loſt.

Not ſo the Juſt; who ſhall their Lord attend
To Worlds of Joy, ſhall know no bound, nor end.
A Place there is remov'd far, far away,
From that faint Lamp, that makes this Mortal Day.
A bliſsful Place, that knows no Clouds or Night,
But God's high Throne ſcatters perpetual Light.
There Angels live, there Saints ſo far reſign'd,
Their Bodies ſcarce leſs glorious than their Mind.
There true Eternal Friendſhip all profeſs,
There in the height of Piety poſſeſs
The *Heaven of Heavens*, the height of *Happineſs*.

Perfect their Joys, yet ſtill their Joys improve,
For ſtill the Infinite they ſee, and love.
Here ſhall they enter, here triumphant plac'd,
Unutterable Bliſs for ever taſte;
In mine, and my Great Father's Arms embrac'd.

The Vanity of the WORLD.

By a young Lady.

WHat if ſerenely bleſt, with Calms I ſwam,
Pactolus, in thy golden ſanded Stream?
Not all the Wealth, that laviſh Chance cou'd give,
My Soul from Death cou'd one ſhort Hour reprieve.
When from my Heart the wandring Life muſt move,
No Cordial, all my uſeleſs Gold wou'd prove.
What tho' I plung'd in Joys ſo deep and wide,
'Twou'd tire my Thoughts to reach the diſtant ſide?
Fancy it ſelf 'twou'd tire to plumb th' Abyſs,
If I for an uncertain Leaſe of this
Sold the fair Hope of an Eternal Bliſs?

What

What if inveſted with the Royal State
Of darling Queens, ador'd by King's I ſate?
Yet when my trembling Soul diſlodg'd wou'd be
No room of State within the Grave for me.
What if my Youth in Wit, and Beauty's Bloom
Shou'd promiſe many a flattering Year to come;
Tho' Death ſhou'd paſs the beauteous Flouriſher,
Advancing Time wou'd all its Glories marr.
What if the Muſes loudly ſang my Fame,
The barren Mountains Ecchoing with my Name,
An envious Puff might blaſt the riſing Pride,
And all its bright conſpicuous Luſtre hide.

If o'er my Relicks Monuments they raiſe,
And fill the World with Flattery or Praiſe,
Oh! what wou'd all avail, if ſink I muſt,
My Soul to endleſs Shades, my Body to the Duſt?

A Proſpect of DEATH.

A PINDARIQUE ESSAY.

I.

SInce we can die but once, and after Death
Our State no alteration knows;
But, when we have reſign'd our Breath,
Th' immortal Spirit goes
To endleſs Joys, or everlaſting Woes.
Wiſe is that Man who labours to ſecure
The mighty and important State;
And, by all methods, ſtrives to make
His paſſage ſafe, and his reception ſure.
Merely to die no Man of Reaſon fears,
For certainly we muſt,
As we are born, return to Duſt:
'Tis the laſt Point of many lingering Years.
But whither then we go,
Whither, we fain wou'd know;
But human Underſtanding cannot ſhow.
This makes us tremble, and creates
Strange apprehenſions in the Mind;
Fills it with reſtleſs Doubts, and wild Debates
Con-

Concerning what, we living, cannot find.
None know what Death is, but the Dead,
Therefore we all by Nature dying dread,
As a ſtrange, doubtful way, we know not how to tread.

II.

When to the Margin of the Grave we come,
And ſcarce have one black painful hour to live,
No hopes, no proſpect of a kind reprieve,
To ſtop our ſpeedy paſſage to the Tomb,
How moving, and how mournful is the ſight,
How wondrous pitiful, how wondrous ſad;
Where then is Refuge, where is Comfort to be had;
In the dark Minutes of the dreadful Night,
To chear our drooping Souls for their amazing flight?
Feeble and Languiſhing in Bed we lie,
Deſpairing to recover, void of reſt,
Wiſhing for Death, and yet afraid to die:
Terros and Doubts diſtract our Breaſt:
With mighty Agonies, and mighty Pains oppreſt.

III.

Our Face is moiſten'd with a clammy Sweat;
Faint and irregular the Pulſes beat;
The Blood unactive grows,
And thickens as it flows,

Depriv'd of all its Vigour, all its vital Heat.
Our dying Eyes roul heavily about;
Their Light juſt going out;
And for ſome kind Aſſiſtance call,
But Pity, uſeleſs Pity's all
Our weeping Friends can give,
Or we receive;
Tho' their Deſires are great, their Pow'rs are ſmall.
The Tongue's unable to declare
The Pains, the Griefs, the Miſeries we bear;
How inſupportable our Torments are.
Muſick no more delights our deaf'ning Ears,
Reſtores our Joys, or diſſipates our Fears;
But all is melancholly, all is ſad.
In Robes of deepeſt Mourning clad:
For ev'ry Faculty, and ev'ry Sence
Partakes the Woe of this dire Exigence.

IV.

Then we are ſenſible, too late,
'Tis no advantage to be Rich or Great:
For all the fulſome Pride, and Pageantry of State
No conſolation brings.
Riches and Honours, then are uſeleſs things,
Taſtleſs, or bitter all;
And, like the Book which the Apoſtle eat,
To the ill-judging Palate ſweet,
But turn at laſt to nauſeouſneſs and gall.
Nothing will then our drooping Spirits chear

But

But their remembrance of good Actions paſt,
Virtue's a Joy that will for ever laſt;
And makes pale Death leſs terrible appear;
Takes out his baneful Sting, and palliates our Fear.
In the dark Anti-Chambers of the Grave,
What wou'd we give, ev'n all we have,
All that our Cares, and Induſtry had gain'd,
All that our Fraud, our Policy, our Art obtain'd,
Cou'd we recall thoſe fatal Hours again,
Which we conſum'd in ſenſeleſs Vanities,
Ambitious Follies, and Luxurious Eaſe;
For then they urge our Terrors, and increaſe our Pain.

V.

Our Friends and Relatives ſtand weeping by,
Diſſolv'd in Tears to ſee us die:
And plunge into the deep Abyſs of wide Eternity.
In vain they mourn, in vain they grieve,
Their Sorrows cannot ours relieve.
They pity our deplorable Eſtate,
But what, alas, can pity do,
To ſoften the decrees of Fate!
Beſides, the Sentence is irrevocable too.
All their Endeavours to preſerve our Breath,
Tho' they do unſucceſsful prove,
Show us how much, how tenderly they love,
But cannot cut off the entail of Death.

Mournful

Mournful they look, and croud about our Bed,
One with officious haſte
Brings us a Cordial, we want Sence to taſte:
Another ſoftly raiſes up our Head;
This wipes away the Sweat, that, ſighing cries
See what Convulſions, what ſtrong Agonies,
Both Soul and Body undergo!
His pains no intermiſſion know;
For ev'ry gaſp of Air he draws, returns in ſighs.
Each wou'd his kind aſſiſtance lend
To ſerve his dear Relation, or his dearer Friend;
But ſtill in vain with Deſtiny they all contend.

VI.

Our Father, pale with grief and watching grown,
Takes our cold Hand in his, and cries adieu,
Adieu, my Child, now I muſt follow you.
Then weeps, and gently lays it down.
Our Sons, who in their tender Years
Were Objects of our Cares, and of our Fears,
Come trembling to our Bed, and kneeling cry
Bleſs us, O Father! now before you die;
Bleſs us, and be you bleſt to all Eternity.
Our Friend, whom equal to our ſelves we love,
Compaſſionate and kind,
Cries, will you leave me here behind,
Without me fly, to the bleſt Seats above?
Without me, did I ſay, ah no!
Without thy Friend thou can'ſt not go,

For

For tho' thou leav'ſt me grov'ling here below,
My Soul with thee ſhall upward fly,
And bear thy Spirit company,
Thro' the bright Paſſage of the yielding Skie.
Ev'n Death that parts thee from thy ſelf, ſhall be
Incapable to ſeparate
(For 'tis not in the Power of Fate)
My Friend, my beſt, my deareſt Friend, and me:
But ſince it muſt be ſo, Farewel
For ever! No; for we ſhall meet agen,
And live like Gods, tho' now we die like Men,
In the eternal Regions, where juſt Spirits dwell.

VII.

The Soul, unable longer to maintain
The fruitleſs and unequal Strife,
Finding her weak Endeavours vain,
To keep the Counterſcarps of Life;
By ſlow degrees retires toward the Heart,
And fortifies that little Fort
With all the kind Artilleries of Art;
Botanick Legions guarding ev'ry Port.
But Death, whoſe Arms no Mortal can repel,
A formal Siege diſdains to lay,
Summons his fierce Battalions to the fray,
And in a minute ſtorms the feeble Cittadel.
Sometimes we may capitulate, and he

Pretends

Pretends to make a ſolid Peace,
But 'tis all ſham, all artifice;
That we may negligent and careleſs be:
For if his Armies are withdrawn to day,
And we believe no danger near,
But all is peaceable, and all is clear,
His Troops return ſome unſuſpected way;
While in the ſoft Embrace of Sleep we lye,
The ſecret Murd'rers ſtab us, and we die.

VIII.

Since our firſt Parents Fall,
Inevitable Death deſcends on all,
A Portion none of human Race can miſs,
But that which makes it ſweet, or bitter, is
The fears of Miſery, or certain hopes of Bliſs:
For when the Impenitent and Wicked die,
Loaded with Crimes and Infamy,
If any Senſe at that ſad time remains,
They feel amazing Terrors, mighty Pains,
The Earneſt of that vaſt ſtupendious Woe,
Which they to all Eternity muſt undergo;
Confin'd in Hell with everlaſting Chains.
Infernal Spirits hover in the Air,
Like rav'nous Wolves, to ſeize upon the Prey,
And hurry the departed Souls away
To the dark Receptacles of Deſpair;
Where they muſt dwell till that tremendous Day,
When the loud Trump ſhall call them to appear
Before

Before a Judge moſt terrible, and moſt ſevere:
By whoſe juſt Sentence they muſt go
To everlaſting Pains, and endleſs Woe.

IX.

But the good Man, whoſe Soul is pure,
Unſpotted, regular, and free
From all the ugly ſtains of Luſt, and Villany,
Of Mercy, and of Pardon ſure;
Looks thro' the Darkneſs of the gloomy Night,
And ſees the dawning of a glorious Day;
Sees crouds of Angels ready to convey
His Soul, whene'er ſhe takes her flight,
To the ſurprizing Manſions of immortal Light.
Then the Celeſtial Guards around him ſtand,
Nor ſuffer the black Dæmons of the Air
T' oppoſe this Paſſage to the promis'd Land;
Or terrifie his Thoughts with wild Deſpair;
But all is calm within, and all without is fair.
His Prayer, his Charity, his Virtues preſs,
To plead for Mercy, when he wants it moſt;
Not one of all the happy Number's loſt;
And thoſe bright Advocates ne'er want Succeſs.
But when the Soul's releas'd from dull Mortality,
She paſſes up in Triumph thro' the Skie;
Where ſhe's united to a glorious Throng
Of Angels, who with a Celeſtial Song,
Congratulate her Conqueſt as ſhe flies along.

X. If

X.

If therefore all muſt quit the Stage,
When or how ſoon we cannot know,
But late or early, we are ſure to go;
In the freſh Bloom of Youth, or wither'd Age;
We cannot take too ſedulous a Care,
In this important, grand Affair.
For as we die, we muſt remain,
Hereafter all our hopes are vain,
To make our Peace with Heav'n, or to return again.
The Heathen, who no better underſtood
Than what the Light of Nature taught, declar'd
No future Miſery cou'd be prepar'd,
For the Sincere, the Merciful, the Good;
But, if there was a State of reſt,
They ſhou'd with the ſame Happineſs be bleſt,
As the immortal Gods, if Gods there were, poſſeſt.
We have the promiſe of Eternal Truth,
Thoſe who live well, and Pious Paths purſue,
To Man, and to their Maker true,
Let 'em expire in Age, or Youth,
Can never miſs
Their way to everlaſting Bliſs:
But from a World of Miſery and Care,
To Manſions of eternal Eaſe repair:

Where

Where Joy in full Perfection flows,
No interruption, no ceſſation knows,
But in a mighty Circle round for ever goes.

The APPEAL.

By an unknown Hand.

I.

TO Thee great Searcher of the Heart
I ſolemnly Appeal,
Who all the Secrets of my Soul,
And inmoſt Thoughts canſt tell.

II.

Even Thou, th' unerring Judge of all,
Doſt my dread Witneſs prove,
That Thee, beyond whate're the World
Can tempt me with, I love.

III.

That Thee, whatever elſe I miſs,
Whatever elſe I loſe,
As my exceeding great Reward,
And higheſt Bliſs I chuſe.

IV. Leave

IV.

Leave me of Wealth, of Honour, Friends,
And all Things elſe bereft.
But of thy Favour, gracious God,
Let me be never left.

V.

Oh hear, and grant thy boundleſs Love's
Ineſtimable Store,
And I'll hereafter cloſe my Lips
And never urge Thee more.

VI.

With this alone I'll be content,
But, Lord, of this deny'd,
I ſhou'd deſpiſe the nobleſt Gift,
Thou cou'dſt beſtow beſide

VII.

Among the brighteſt Joys of Life.
I ſhou'd no Pleaſure know,
But murm'ring to the ſullen Shades
Of endleſs Night would go.

Tell me, O thou whom my Soul loves, where thou feedeſt, where thou cauſeſt thy Flocks to reſt at Noon, Cant. 1. 7.

By an unknown Hand.

I.

O Lovelier to my raviſh'd Eyes
Than all they ever ſaw,
Much dearer than the Light I view,
Or vital Breath I draw.

II.

Eternal Treaſure of my Heart,
Whom as my Soul I love,
Oh tell me, to what Happy Shades
Thou doſt at Noon remove.

III.

Oh tell me where, by Chryſtal Streams
Thy Snowy Flocks are led,
And in what fruitful Meadows they
Are by thy Bounty fed.

IV. For

IV.

For Thee I languiſh all the Day,
For Thee I hourly pine,
As Flow'rs that want the chearing Sun
Their Painted Heads decline.

V.

Ah why from my impatient Eyes
Doſt thou thy ſelf conceal?
Whilſt I in vain in lonely Shades
My reſtleſs Pain reveal.

And tho' after my Skin Worms deſtroy this Body, yet in my Fleſh ſhall I ſee God, Job XIX. 26.

By a Young Lady.

I.

WHat tho' my Soul rent from the cloſe Embrace
Of this material Conſort, takes her Flight,
(Exil'd the Confines of her Native Place)
And leave theſe Eyes clos'd in a diſmal Night?

She

She ſhall agen reſume the dear Abode,
And cloath'd in Fleſh I ſhall behold my God.

II.

Tho' in the gloomy Regions of the Grave
Forgotten, and inſenſible I lye,
That tedious Night ſhall a bright Morning have,
The welcome Dawnings of Eternity.
My Soul ſhall then reſume Her old Abode,
Aud cloath'd in Fleſh, I ſhall behold my God.

III.

Altho', reſolv'd into my native Duſt,
Its proper part, each Element reſign:
Yet at my awful Maker's Breath they muſt
Agen the num'rous Particles refine:
And then my Soul ſhall take Her old Abode,
And cloath'd in Fleſh I ſhall behold my God.

H Y M N.

I.

HOW ſhall I ſing that Majeſty
Which Angel-Hoſts admire?
Let Duſt in Duſt and Silence lye,
Sing, ſing ye heav'nly Quire.

II.

Thouſands of Thouſands ſtand around
Thy Throne, O God moſt High,
Ten thouſand times ten thouſand ſound
Thy Praiſe, but who am I?

III.

Thy brighteſt Rays to them appear,
While I thy Footſteps trace,
A ſound of God ſtrikes on my Ear,
But they behold thy Face.

IV.

They ſing becauſe thou art their Sun;
Lord, dart a Beam on me;
For where Heav'n is but once begun
There Hallelujahs be.

V. En-

V.

Enlighten and enflame my Heart
With Loves moſt Sacred Fire,
Then ſhall I ſing, and bear a part
With thy Celeſtial Quire.

VI.

How great a Being, Lord, is thine,
Which doth all Beings keep!
Thy Knowledge is the only Line
To Sound ſo vaſt a Deep.

VII.

Thou art a Sea without a Shore,
A Sun without a Sphere,
Thy Time is now and evermore,
Thy Place is ev'ry where.

VIII.

How good art thou, whoſe Goodneſs is
My Parent, Nurſe and Guide?
Whoſe Streams do Water *Paradice*,
And all the World beſide.

IX.

Thy mighty Arm, O mighty King!
Both Rocks and Hearts can break:
My God, thou canſt do ev'ry thing
But what wou'd ſhew Thee Weak.

X.

Who wou'd not fear thy ſearching Eye,
Witneſs to all we do?
Dark Hell and deep Hypocriſy
Lye open to thy View.

XI.

Thy wiſe and bounteous Works, and Ends,
O may we ſtill admire.
Creation all our Wit tranſcends,
Redemption riſes higher.

XII.

How pure, and holy are thine Eyes?
How holy is thy Name!
Thy Saints, and Laws, and Penalties,
Thy Holineſs proclaim.

XIII.

Thy wondrous Mercies out-ſtretch'd Rays
Shine glorioufly to All.
For this thy Creatures Love, and Praiſe,
And thee their Father Call.

XIV.

Thy hinder Parts, O God of Grace!
We only here adore;
Diſplay the Glory of thy Face,
That we may praiſe thee more.

XV. And

XV.

And ſince none ſee this Sight and live.
For me to die is beſt;
Thro' *Jordan*'s Streams, who wou'd not dive,
To land at *Canaan*'s Reſt?

HYMN.

I.

WHen Man in Sin's wild Maze was loſt,
And on impetuous Billows toſt.
While Hope and Help all Aid denies,
Lo! God his vaſt Compaſſion ſhews,
His dear, and only Son beſtows
Who for our Safety freely dies.

II.

O Heighth! O Length! O Breadth! O Deep!
What Love with thine can Meaſures keep?
Love! that from Glory Jeſus brought:
That plung'd him deep, in Sorrows Flood,
That peirc'd his Soul, and drein'd his Blood,
O Love tranſcending Angels Thought!

III.

O may at length my willing Breaſt
Be all with Love of thee poſſeſt,
Be all inflam'd with heav'nly Fire;
May I thy praiſe, in Raptures ſing,
Thy boundleſs Praiſe, my God, my King!
And thee, and only thee admire.

H Y M N.

I.

THou, Lord, who raiſed'ſt Heav'n and Earth,
Doſt make the Building ſtand:
The pond'rous Weight does wholly reſt
On thy Almighty Hand.

II.

Should'ſt thou one Moment, Lord, with-draw,
The Earth wou'd leave its Place,
The num'rous ſhining Orbs on high
Reſign to empty Space,

III.

Thou needeſt none to ſing thy Praiſe,
As if thy Joy cou'd fade,

Could'ſt

Could'ſt thou have needed any Thing,
Thou nothing could'ſt have made!

IV.

Lord, what is Man! that Child of Pride,
Who boaſts his high Degree?
If but one Inſtant thou him leave
He ſinks, and where is he?

In Praiſe of VIRTUE.

By Mr. TATE.

O For a Quill drawn from an Angel's *Wing!*
O for a Maſter Seraph's Voice to ſing!
A Subject worthy of Seraphick Lays,
'Tis Virtue, bright celeſtial Virtue's Praiſe!
Virtue beyond compare, by all allow'd
The fair'ſt Beauty, and the beſt endow'd.
For what Imperial Dame like her can ſay
I've Wealth can ne'er be loſt, and Charms will ne'er decay?
An *Eden* when unfading Pleaſures grow,
And Joys pure Streams uninterrupted flow.

Not ſo, when Vice does her feign'd Smiles diſplay,
That *Dalilah*'s Careſſes to betray.

Virtue's alone the chaſt and real Friend
On whom th' enamour'd Soul ſecurely can depend.
She Steel has prov'd, throughout the tedious Stage
Of mortal Life, and dang'rous Pilgrimage,
To all who on her Conduct have rely'd,
The beſt Companion, and moſt faithful Guide.
Our ſhadowing Cloud in Fortune's Darling Light,
Our ſhining Pillar in Affliction's Night.
Our Heav'nly *Manna*, when for Food diſtreſs'd,
Our Fountain, when with ſcorching Thirſt oppreſs'd.
She makes our Wilderneſs all blooming Gay,
And ſcatters Roſes in the Deſart Way.
The very Thorns that make her Trav'lers bleed,
Are but Remembrancers to mend their Speed,
Leſt too much Eaſe their farther Care disband,
And they ſtop ſhort, ſhort of the promis'd Land.
Ev'n am'rous Youth with her ſecurely ſteer,
Where *Syrens* deck'd in all there Charms appear,
Of *Circe*'s Iſle the tempting Proſpect ſhun,
When th' unadvis'd to ſmiling Ruin run.
By her the beauteous Sex are taught to know
Both what to Heav'n, and to themſelves they owe;
Honour, and ſpotleſs Innocence to prize,
Above the Triumphs of their conqu'ring Eyes.

How

How dismal dear the Bargain when they sell
Those Gems for ought that does on Earth excel,
That, Oh! 'tis Life for Death, and Heav'n for Hell.

But then in largest Streams her Blessings flow,
When Life grown Bankrupt can no more bestow;
She gives what mortal Nature never gave,
Immortal Bliss, and Life beyond the Grave.

The CHARACTER *of a* HAPPY LIFE.

By Sir Henry Wotton.

I.

HOW happy is he born, and taught,
That serveth not another's Will?
Whose Armour is his honest Thought,
And simple Truth his utmost Skill?

II.

Whose Passions not his Masters are,
Whose Soul is still prepar'd for Death;
Unty'd unto the World by Care
Of publick Fame, or private Breath.

III.

Who envies none that Change doth raiſe,
Nor Vice hath ever underſtood;
How deepeſt Wounds are giv'n by Praiſe,
Nor Rules of State, but Rules of Good.

IV.

Who hath his Life from Rumors freed,
Whoſe Conſcience is his ſtrong Retreat:
Whoſe State can neither Flatt'rers feed,
Nor Ruin make Oppreſſors great.

V.

Who God doth late and early pray
More of his Grace, than Gifts to lend:
And entertains the harmleſs Day,
With a Religious Book, or Friend.

VI.

This Man is freed from ſervile Bands,
Of Hope to riſe, or Fear to fall:
Lord of himſelf, tho' not of Lands,
And having Nothing, yet hath All.

CHRIST's PASSION.

Taken out of a Greek *ODE.*

I.

ENough, my Muſe, of Earthly Things,
And Inſpirations but of Wind;
Take up thy Lute and to it bind
Loud, and everlaſting Strings;
And on 'em play, and to 'em ſing,
The happy mournful Stories,
The lamentable Glories,
Of the great Crucified King.
Mountainous Heap of Wonders! which doſt riſe
'Till Earth thon joineſt with the Skies!
Too large at Bottom, and at Top too high,
To be half ſeen by mortal Eye.
How ſhall I graſp this boundleſs Thing!
What ſhall I play! What ſhall I ſing!
I'll ſing the mighty Riddle of Myſterious Love,
Which neither wretched Men below, nor bleſſed Saints above,
With all their Comments can explain;
How all the whole World's Life, to die did not diſdain.

II.

I'll ſing the ſearchleſs Depths of the Compaſſion Divine,
The Depths unfathom'd yet
By Reaſon's Plummet, and the Line of Wit:
Too light the Plummet, and too ſhort the Line:
How the Eternal Father did beſtow
His own Eternal Son a Ranſom for his Foe:
I'll ſing aloud, that all the World may hear
The Triumph of the buried Conqueror:
How Hell was by its Priſ'ner Captive led,
And the great Slayer, Death, ſlain by the Dead.

III.

Methinks I hear of murthered Men the Voice,
Mixt with the Murtherers confuſed Noiſe,
Sound from the Top of *Calvarie*
My greedy Eyes fly up the Hill and ſee
Who 'tis hangs there the midmoſt of the three:
Oh how unlike the Others he,
Look how he bends his gentle Head with Bleſſings from the Tree!
His gracious Hands ne'er ſtretcht but to do good,
Are nail'd to the infamous Wood:

And

And ſinful Man does fondly bind,
The Arms which he extends t'embrace all humane Kind.

IV.

Unhappy Man, can'ſt ſtand by and ſee
All this as Patient as he?
Since he thy Sins does bear,
Make thou his Sufferings thy own,
And weep, and ſigh, and groan,
And beat thy Breaſt, and tear
Thy Garments, and thy Hair,
And let thy Grief, and let thy Love
Thro' all thy bleeding Bowels move.
Doſt thou not ſee thy Prince in Purple clad all o'er?
Not Purple brought from the *Sidonian* Shore,
But made at home with richer Gore.
Doſt thou not ſee the Roſes, which adorn
Thy Thorny Garland by him worn?
Doſt thou not ſee the livid Traces
Of the ſharp Scourges rude Embraces?
If yet thou feeleſt not the Smart
Of Thorns and Scourges in thy Heart,
If yet that be not Crucified.
Look on his Hands, look on his Feet, look on his Side.

V.

Open Oh! Open wide the Fountains of thine Eyes,
And let 'em call
Their Stock of Moiſture forth, where'er it lies,
For this will ask it all
'Twould all (alaſs) too little be,
Tho' thy Salt Tears came from a Sea;
Canſt thou deny him this, when he
Has open'd all his vital Springs for thee.
Take heed, for by his Sides myſterious Flood
May well be underſtood,
That he will ſtill require ſome Waters to his Blood.

Thoughts in SICKNESS.

I.

MY God, my Maker, humbly I adore
Thy Pow'r and Wiſdom in my goodly Frame,
I view the Work, and bleſs thy Sacred Name.
Thou took'ſt this Body from the common Store;
A rude, and undigeſted Maſs before:
And lo! all Art, and Order it became.

II. And

II.

And when thou had'ſt compleated ev'ry Part,
Had'ſt taught each Spring, and Wheel their deſtin'd Uſe,
And made a Purple Flood of Vital Juice
Ruſh thro' the Channels of the Active Heart,
And Life, and Vigor to the Whole impart,
Thou an immortal Soul did'ſt then infuſe.

III.

And both, dear God, are ſtill at thy diſpoſe;
For as thy awful Word cou'd firſt unite
Things in their Natures ſtrangely oppoſite,
So with the ſame can'ſt thou diſſolve the Cloſe,
And each unto its Native Region goes,
Earth back to Earth, my Soul to Realms of Light.

IV.

I know thy Providence diſpoſes All;
I know that whatſoe'er thou doſt is beſt:
O let me then in thy Appointments reſt!
Does God pre-order all Things, great and ſmall?
No Nail, nor dropping Hair without him fall;
And yet ſhall any Change my Peace moleſt?

V.

If thou haſt Buſineſs for me here below,
I know thou ſoon wilt all my Pains expel.

My

My Sickneſs ſoon controul, and ſpeak me well:
If not, why ſhall I think it hard to go;
To leave this nauſeous World of Sin and Woe,
And in immortal Joy, and Glory dwell?

IV.

I will not, no, I will not, Lord, repine,
Tho' now thou pleaſe to Summon me away,
To bid me die, and leave this Houſe of Clay:
Thy Pleaſure, as 'tis juſt, ſhall govern mine,
To thee, the Owner I my All reſign:
Command whate'er thou wilt, I chearfully obey.

The RAPTURE.

By a Young Lady.

I.

LOrd! If one diſtant Glimpſe of Thee
Thus elevate the Soul,
In what a height of Extaſy
Do thoſe bleſt Spirits roll?

II.

Who by a fixt, Eternal View,
Drink in immortal Rays;

To

To whom unveiled thou doſt ſhew
Thy Smiles without Allays?

III.

An Object which, if Mortal Eyes
Cou'd make Approaches to,
They'd ſoon eſteem their beſt lov'd Toys
Not worth one ſcornful View.

IV.

How then beneath its Load of Fleſh
Wou'd the vext Soul complain!
And how the friendly Hand ſhe'd bleſs,
Wou'd break her hated Chain!

The CXXXIX*th* PSALM *paraphras'd to the* 14*th Verſe.*

By Mr. NORRIS.

I.

IN vain great God, in vain I try
T'eſcape thy quick All-ſearching Eye,
Thou with one undivided View
Doſt look the whole Creation through,

The

The unshap'd Embryo's of my Mind,
Not yet to Form or Likeness wrought,
The tender Rudiments of Thought,
Thou see it before she can her own Conceptions find.

II.

My private Walks to thee are known,
In Solitude I'm not alone,
Thou round my Bed a Guard dost keep,
Thy Eyes are open while mine sleep,
My softest Whispers reach thy Ear,
'Tis vain to fancy Secrecy;
Which way soe'er I turn thou'rt there,
I'm all around beset with thy Immensity.

III.

I can't wade thro' this Deep I find,
It drounds and swallows up my Mind:
'Tis like thy immense Deity,
I cannot fathom that or thee:
Where then shall I a Refuge find,
From thy bright Comprehensive Eye?
Whether, O whether shall I fly!
What Place is not possest with thy All-filling Mind!

IV.

If to the Heavenly Orbs I fly
There is thy Seat of Majesty,

If

If down to Hell's Abyſs I go,
There I am ſure to meet Thee too.
Shou'd I, with the ſwift Wings of Light,
Seek ſome remote and unknown Land,
Thou ſoon woul'dſt overtake my flight
And all my Motions ruſe with thy long-reaching Hand.

V.

Shou'd I t'avoid thy piercing Sight,
Retire behind the Skreen of Night,
Thou canſt with one Celeſtial Ray
Diſpel the Shades and make it Day.
Nor need'ſt thou by ſuch *Mediums* ſee,
The Force of thy clear radient Sight
Depends not on our groſſer Light:
On Light thou ſit'ſt enthron'd, 'tis ever Day with Thee.

VI.

The Springs which Life and Motion give
Are thine, by thee I move and live;
My Frame has nothing hid from thee,
Thou know'ſt my whole Anatomy.
T'an Hymn of Praiſe I'll tune my Lyre:
How amazing is this Work of thine!
With Dread I into my ſelf retire
For tho' the Metal's baſe the Stamp is all Divine.

The CONSUMMATION.

A Pindarick ODE.

By the ſame Hand.

I.

THE riſe of Monarchies, and their long weighty fall,
My Muſe out ſoars, ſhe proudly leaves behind
The Pomp of Courts, ſhe leaves our little All,
To be the humble Song of a leſs reaching Mind.
In vain I curb her tow'ring Flight,
All I can hear preſent's too ſmall,
She preſſes on, and now has loſt their Sight:
She flys and haſtens to relate
The laſt and dreadful Scene of Fate,
Nature's great Solemn Funeral.
I ſee the mighty Angel ſtand
Cloath'd with a Cloud, and Rainbow round his Head.
His right Foot on the Sea, his other on the Land,
He lifted up his dreadful Arm, and thus he ſaid:
By the Myſterious great Three-One,

Whoſe

Whoſe Power we fear, and Truth adore,
I ſwear the fatal Thread is ſpun,
Nature ſhall breath her laſt, and Time ſhall be no more.
The Ancient Stager of the Day
Has run his Minutes out, and number'd all his way.
The parting *Iſthmus* is thrown down,
And all ſhall now be overflown:
Time ſhall no more her under Current know,
But one with great Eternity ſhall grow,
Their Streams ſhall mix, and in one Circling Channel flow.

II.

He ſpake—Fate writ the Sentence with her Iron Pen,
And mighty Thund'ring ſaid, *Amen.*
What dreadful Sound's this ſtrikes my Ear?
'Tis ſure th' Arch-Angels Trump I hear,
Natures great Paſſing Bell, the only Call,
Of God's, that will be heard by all:
The Univerſe takes the Alarm, the Sea
Trembles at the great Angel's Sound,
And roars almoſt as loud as he;
Seeks a new Channel and would fain run under Ground.
The Earth it ſelf does no leſs quake
And all throughout down to the Centre ſhake

The Graves uncloſe, and the deep Sleepers there
awake.
The Sun's arreſted in his way,
He dares not forward go,
But wondring ſtands at the great Hurry here be
low.
The Stars forget their Laws, and like looſe Pla-
nets ſtray.
See how the Elements reſign
Their numerous Charge, the ſcatter'd Atoms
home repair,
Some from the Earth, ſome from the Sea, ſome
from the Air.
They know the great Alarm,
And in confus'd mixt number ſwarm.
'Till rang'd and ſever'd by the Chymiſtry Divine.
The Father of Mankind's amaz'd to ſee
The Globe too narrow for his Progeny:
But 'tis the cloſing of the Age
And all the Actors now at once muſt grace the
Stage.

III.

Now, Muſe, exalt thy Wing, be bold and dare,
Fate does a wondrous Scene prepare.
The Central Fire which hitherto did burn
Dull, like a Lamp in a moiſt clammy Urn,
Tann'd by the Breath Divine begins to glow,
The Fiends are all amaz'd below,
But that will no Confinement know,

Breaks

Breaks thro' its Sacred Fence, and plays more free
Than thou with all thy vaſt Pindarick Liberty.
Nature does ſick of a ſtrong Fever lye,
The Fire the *Subterranéous* Vaults does ſpoil,
The Mountains Sweat, the Sea does boil,
The Sea her mighty Pulſe beats high:
The Waves of Fire more proudly rowl,
The Fiends in their deep Caverns howl,
And with the frightful Trumpet mix their hideous Cry.
Now is the Tragick Scene begun,
The Fire in Triumph marches on
The Earth's girt round with Flames, and ſeems another Sun.

IV.

But whither does this lawleſs Judgment roam?
Muſt all promiſcuouſly expire
A Sacrifice in *Sodom*'s Fire?
Read thy Commiſſion, Fate, ſure all are not thy due,
No, thou muſt ſave the Virtuous few.
But where's the Angel Guardian to avert the Doom,
Lo with a mighty Hoſt he's come!
I ſee the parted Clouds give way,
I ſee the Banner of the Croſs diſplay.

Death's

Death's Conqueror in Pomp appears,
In his right Hand a Palm he bears,
And in his Looks he Sweetneſs wears.
Th' illuſtrious Glory of this Scene
Does the deſpairing Saints inſpire
With Joy, with Rapture and Deſire.
Kindles the higher Life, that dormant lay within.
Th' awaken'd Virtue does its Thoughts diſplay,
Melts and refines their droſſy Clay:
New caſt into a pure Etherial Frame.
They fly, and mount aloft in Vehicles of Flame.
Slack here, my Muſe, thy roving Wing,
And now the World's untun'd, let down thy high-ſet String.

Veni Creator Spiritus.

Tranſlated into Paraphraſe.

By Mr. DRYDEN.

I.

CReator Spirit! by whoſe Aid
The World's Foundations firſt were laid;
Come viſit ev'ry pious Mind,
Come pour thy Joys on Human kind,
From Sin and Sorrows ſet us free,
And make thy Temples worthy thee:

II.

O Source of uncreated Light!
The Father's promis'd *Paraclite!*
Thrice holy Fount, thrice holy Fire,
Our Hearts with Heavenly Love inſpire;
Come, and thy ſacred Unction bring
To ſanctify us while we ſing.

III.

Plenteous of Grace deſcend from high,
Rich in thy Sev'nfold Energy!

Thou

Thou Strength of his Almighty Hand,
Whose Power does Heav'n and Earth command;
Proceeding Spirit, our Defence,
Who dost the Gift of Tongues Dispense,
And crown'st thy Gift with Eloquence.
Refine, and purge our Earthly Parts,
But Oh! inflame and fire our Hearts!

IV.

Our Faculties help, and Vice controul,
Submit the Senses to the Soul,
And when Rebellious they are grown,
Then lay thy Hand and hold 'em down.

V.

Chase from our Minds th' infernal Foe,
And Peace, the Fruit of Love, bestow;
And lest our Peace shou'd step astray
Protect and guide us in the Way.

VI.

Make us Eternal Truths receive,
And Practise all that we believe,
Give us thy Self, that we may see
The Father and the Son by thee.

VII.

Immortal Honours, endless Fame
Attend th' Almighty Father's Name;

The

The Saviour Son be glorify'd,
Who for loſt Man's Redemption dy'd:
And equal Adoration be,
Eternal *Paraclite*, to thee.

GOD the Creator, and the Preſerver.

By Mr. DANIEL.

I.

OFFSPRING of Heav'n, Celeſtial Flame,
I own thy Pow'r, Thou lovely Gueſt;
Numbers ſmooth and ſoft inſpiring,
I bid Thee welcome to my Breaſt:
Unfold thy rich Harmonious Store,
And to my Mind thy Warmth impart;
Give me to feel thy pleaſing Rage,
And let thy Sacred Fire diſtend my Heart.
And thou, my Lyre, reſume thy Lays,
And thro' thy painful Silence break,
To ſing the Great CREATOR'S Praiſe;
'Tis he who calls, my Lyre, Awake:
Proud of the Theme, reſume the Lay
For Him, whom Earth and Heav'n obey:

Each Note ſhall bear the hallow'd Name around,
And to Superiour Worlds convey the diſtant Sound.

II.

Parent of all Created Things,
From whom this Scene of Nature ſprings,
To our charm'd Sight thy Pomp diſplay,
Open all thy Heav'n of Day;
Amidſt thy ſhining Guards be ſhewn
The Glitt'ring Hoſt who grace thy Throne:
For Thee their Golden Lyres they ſtring;
Of Thee in ſweeteſt Numbers ſing;
Confeſs Thee GOD, and hail Thee KING.

III.

On *ISRAEL*'s Foes to execute thy Rage
Intent, and waiting for thy high Command;
Whether deſign'd to blaſt an impious Age,
Or ſave from Lawleſs Pow'r a Fav'rite Land:
Mounted on Wings of Winds, they ſteer their Courſe,
And wondrous is their Speed, and wondrous is their Force.

IV.

All dark as yet, th' unactive Maſs
Lay bound in heavy Chains of Sleep,
When big with Life GOD's awful Spirit
Sat brooding o'er the mighty Deep.

Let there be Light, He ſaid; and lo,
The nimble Beams the FIAT heard,
Sprang from the Womb of Ancient Night,
And cheerful Light its ſmiling Viſage rear'd:
On Purple Wings it upward flew,
And by his Order fixt on high;
Around its darting Glories threw,
And ſtain'd the Curtains of the Skie:
Whether it paints the bluſhing Eaſt
With Roſie Streaks, or gilds the Weſt:
Not undiſcern'd by Him, the Heav'nly Ray,
He ſaw that it was Good, and bleſt the Infant Day.

V.

The vaſt Apyſs now meets his Eyes,
Where Nature yet in Embrio lies;
Where Tyrants of the boundleſs Plain,
Chaos and wild Diſorder Reign;
The Hot, and Cold, the Moiſt, the Dry
Blended in vaſt Confuſion lye:
Struggling they bear alternate Sway,
Around in circling Whirlpools play
And win a Momentary Day

IV.

But to his Dread Command Obedient prove,
And now no more for fruitleſs Empire try;
The various Seeds of future Beings move,
And each to their appointed Stations fly;

There wait his Voice, and at his wondrous Call
Leap ſudden into Life, and Form this Beauteous ALL.

VII.

In the great Lap of Nature laid.
And breaking from its Oozy Bed,
The Huge, the Pondrous Globe of Earth,
Above the Waters rears its Head:
The tall, th' aſpiring Mountains riſe,
And high in Air their Foreheads ſhow;
Some their broad Shoulders hide in Clouds,
And proudly caſt a length of Shade below.
Beneath the humble Valley lyes,
Where, in their Kinds, the Flocks are ſeen;
Where new created Sweets ariſe,
And with freſh Verdure cloath the Plain.
Swifter than flitting Winds the Roe
Is ſeen to quit the Mountain's Brow:
He ſeeks the Stream which living Fountains yield,
Sweeps o'er the Flow'ry Lawns, and flies along the Field.

VIII.

The mighty Deep his Eye ſurveys,
When ſtrait its watry World obeys;
Here the rough Surges loudly roar.
And in proud Waves inſult the Shoar:

There

There ſofter Rills more eaſie glide,
And ſteal adown the Mountain's Side.
Various the winding Rivers paſs,
Cooling the ſultry Meadow's Face,
And gently roll their floating Glaſs.

IX.

Some, where the dreadful Precipice on high
Does to th' affrighted View its Horrors ſhow,
In a white Miſt diſperſt involve the Skie,
And from the Airy Summit plunge below;
Then join their ſcatter'd Streams, and force their Way,
Ruſh headlong o'er the Plain, and pour into the Sea.

X.

See, at his Voice the blooming Spring
In rich Attire the Autumn meets;
She rivals with her Flow'rs its Fruits.
And boaſts a Wilderneſs of Sweets:
Her lovely Off-ſpring, Nature's Pride,
Diſcloſe their Beauties all around;
With Odours ſcent the Balmy Air,
And with a gay Perfuſion ſtrew the Ground.
The Vine in purple Bluſhes dreſt,
Cloſe to the Elm, diſplays her Charms,
Curls her ſoft Tendrils round his Waſt,
And ſpreads luxuriantly her Arms.

The ripened Grain on riſing Fields,
To Man a pleaſing Proſpect yields:
In even Ranks the waving Heads appear,
Bend with the fruitful Load, and crown the luſty Year.

XI.

GOD ſpake, when ſtrait above the reſt
(Fair Native of the Spicy Eaſt)
A Garden roſe, delicious Scene,
Of floury Walks, and lively Green;
Whatever Sweets adorn the Woods,
Paint the Fields, or Grace the Floods,
All that's Lovely, all that's Fair,
Form'd by his peculiar Care,
Unite their Charms, and fix them there.

XII.

On ev'ry Tree the tuneful Choir appears,
Of warbling Birds which ſing their artleſs Lays,
Firſt taught by Him to charm the liſt'ning Ears,
And pay Him back his Muſick in his Praiſe:
Such EDEN was, his Fav'rite's ſoft Abode,
Rais'd by a Hand Divine, and Worthy of a GOD.

XIII.

Great Nature's watchful Eye, the SUN,
Hears his Voice, and mounts the Skies,
Who comb'd his Beamy Locks with Gold,
And bid the wond'rous Planet riſe.

Around

Around his Orb in meaſur'd Dance
The circling Hours and Months appear;
The ſwift-wing'd Minutes lightly move,
And mark the Periods of the rolling Year.
When from on high he darts his Fires,
The glowing Breaſt to tranſport warms;
Life bounds afreſh with ſoft deſires,
And roſie Beauty ſweetly charms:
His flaming Arrows pierce the Flood,
And to the bottom bake the Mud:
Where e'er he points his Beams gay Landskips riſe,
Whilſt with his quickning touch he paints them as he flies.

XIV.

But when he ſhoots the milder Ray,
And downward drives the falling Day;
Cool Evening now its Beauty rears,
And bluſhes in its dewy Tears:
The wand'ring Flocks no longer roye,
But ſeek the covert of the Grove:
The fighting Winds now ceaſe to roar,
The drowſie Ocean ſtorms no more,
But gently dies along the Shore.

XV.

Near to the Margin of ſome peaceful Flood,
The Nightingal alone in mournful Strains,
Tunes her ſweet Chorals to the ecchoing Wood;

And with her various muſick fills the Plains:
Sleep ſhakes its downy wings o'er Man and Beaſt,
The SOUL melts thoughtleſs down, and ſoftens into Reſt.

XVI.

The lovely Queen of ſilent Shades,
The MOON, in trembling Streams of Light,
Wheels her pale Chariot ſlowly on
O'er the ſoft Boſom of the Night:
Millions of bright refulgent Worlds
Heav'ns glitt'ring Lamps are ſeen to riſe;
They as her Virgin Train appear,
And She the fair Vicegerent of the Skies.
Each Planet in its rolling Sphere
Proclaims aloud the SACRED NAME,
With ſounds harmonious charms the Air.
And ſpeaks the POWER from whence it came:
Here in full blaze they ſingly ſhine,
Whilſt ſome their mingled Beauties join,
Like a rich Pavement on the face of night
Burn with promiſcuous beams, a Galaxy of Light.

XVII.

Whilſt wearied Nature ſleeps around,
And Silence broods upon the Ground,
Fir'd with a painful thirſt of Blood
The gen'rous Lyon ſeeks his Food:

The

The trembling Flocks his Rage deſcry,
And round th' affrighted Shepherd flie;
But where the Herd more careles ſtray,
With ſullen Joy he takes his way,
And leaps at once upon the Prey.

XVIII.

In vain they ſtruggle with ſuperiour Might,
His fierceſt Foes an eaſie conqueſt yield:
Till from on high he ſees returning Light,
And grieves to quit the Triumphs of the Field;
He roars aloud, he ſhakes his angry Mane,
Grins back upon the Day, and ſcours along the Plain.

XIX.

Loſt in an endleſs Maze of Thought,
What Limits can our wonder keep?
What Tongue can ſpeak? What Heart conceive,
Great GOD, thy Actions in the deep!
High as its frothy Billows riſe,
The vaſt Enquiry lifts the SOUL,
And ſtretches out the MIND as wide
As fierceſt Storms can give its Waves to roll.
When thy Breath heaves the ſwelling Tides,
And ſubtle Lightnings round Thee play,
When thy keen wrath in whirlwinds rides,
And in black Clouds involves the Day,

Thy Voice can cauſe their Rage to ceaſe,
And ſpeak the Thunder into Peace:
Thy ANGEL at the word darts ſwiftly down,
Bounds lightly o'er the Waves, and bids them
ſmoothly run.

XX.

Where moſſy Caves the ſight ſurpriſe,
And bluſhing Groves of Coral riſe,
The Fiſh their various Tribute bring,
And of the Ocean hail Thee KING:
To court thy Eye their Revels keep,
And skim with eaſie Fins the Deep:
On Thee they wait with one Accord,
As form'd by thy ALMIGHTY WORD,
And in juſt Praiſe confeſs Thee LORD.

XXI.

Warm'd with the Glories of a ſmiling Day,
The wanton Dolphins do each other chace,
Through the green Waves their ſilver Scales
diſplay,
And ſwiftly preſs to win the watry Race:
Elush'd with immoderate Life, they ſcorn to
yield,
But darting to the Goal, divide the Honours of
the Field.

XXII. Lo,

XXII.

Lo, the great Monarch of the Floods,
Leviathan in Pomp appears,
Like ſome large floating Iſland moves,
And his huge Bulk in Triumph rears:
Swiftly th' affrighted Waves divide,
When thro' the Deep He plows his Way;
In aukward Sport he rolls along,
And from his ample Forehead ſpouts a Sea.
Pleas'd to obſerve the Danger nigh,
He treats with Scorn the hiſſing Spear,
And mocks the Arrows as they fly,
As the dull Trump'ry of the War.
What Hand but thine, Great God, could give
Th' unweildy Maſs to move; and live?
Yet He, e'en He, does for his Food reſort,
Obedient to thy Call, to grace thy Wat'ry Court.

XXIII.

Fond Man ſhall tempt the ſtormy Main,
(Oh! whither won't he ſteer for gain!)
Of preſent Bliſs forego his Hold,
And barter Happineſs for Gold.
See the tall Ship with flutt'ring Pride
Upon the dancing Billows ride:
When long expected Gales prove kind,
She leaves the leſs'ning Shore behind,
And gives her Colours to the Wind.

XXIV.

But when the angry Surge begins to rage,
And thro' the boundleſs Waſte the Tempeſts roar,
O Gracious GOD, do thou their Wrath aſſwage,
And bid the fighting Whirlwinds ſtorm no more:
Let gentle Pity flow within thy Breaſt;
Oh cheer his melting Soul, and give the wearied Sailor Reſt.

XXV.

Fountain of Joy, Eternal Spring,
From whom our Mortal Beings flow,
How doſt Thou deal thy Good around?
And bleſs the Subject World below?
How ſhall we clear the large Account?
We wretched Heaps of Duſt and Sin,
Would we our Gratitude expreſs?
Where ſhall our vaſt Acknowledgments begin?
When we thy wondrous Work- ſurvey,
And muſing feaſt our raviſh'd Eyes;
The lovely Scene knows no Decay,
But inexhauſted Beauties riſe:
When thy juſt Praiſes claim our Song,
Expreſſion dies upon the Tongue:
Too big for Birth, our falt'ring Accents break,
And Silence muſt enforce what we want Pow'r to ſpeak.

XXVI. Thy

XXVI.

Thy Creatures all expecting ſtand,
And wait the Bounty of thy Hand;
Whether they haunt the ſhady Woods,
Graze the Plain, or range the Floods;
Whether of various Kinds the Fowl,
Which row the Lake, or ſwim the Pool;
Happy by Nature, wild, and free,
Inglorious Chains they chuſe to flee;
Full of Life, and full of THEE.

XXVII.

E'en the ſmall Ants do thy Protection ſhare,
By Thee advis'd, to ſave their Wintry Store;
Their little Commonwealth employs thy Care,
Too wiſe to want, too frugal to be poor:
Well may they ſhame the puzzled Schemes of Man,
Since from thy THOUGHT DIVINE they drew the wondrous Plan.

XXVIII.

In all the radiant Pomp of Heav'n,
Plac'd on thy bright refulgent Throne,
Regard thy *ISRAEL* here below,
And look with ſoft Compaſſion down.
And Thou, my SOUL, with ſtricteſt Care,
And trembling Awe, his Statutes keep;
Think what thou art, from whom thou cam'ſt;
Be calmly wiſe, and let his Thunder ſleep.

For, oh! ſhould he but once command
His dreadful Legions to engage,
Not Worlds can ſave Thee from his Hand,
Or dare to ſkreen Thee from his Rage.
To the tall Hills wou'dſt thou complain,
To hide thee there, alas! is vain:
Thoſe everlaſting Hills his Rage would flee;
Would run about as wild, and prove as weak as thee.

XXIX.

When a Cloud thickens on his Brow,
And riſing Storms his Anger ſhow;
No more theſe ſpringing Sweets appear,
But ſudden Winter chills the Year:
Amazement checks the wond'ring Flood,
And the MOON blots her Orb with Blood;
The SUN no more in Glory burns,
Each Creature to its Duſt returns,
And Univerſal Nature mourns.

XXX.

With folded Arms the penſive Gard'ner ſtands,
Whilſt his deſtoying Angel taints the Air,
Which ſpreads the dire Contagion o'er his Lands,
And nips the Glories of his flow'ry Care:
On the parch'd Earth their with'ring Beauty lies,
Whilſt blaſted by his Breath, the fair Creation dies.

XXXI.

XXXI.

Hail, Man belov'd, whoſe ſhining Forms
Employ'd thy Makers nobleſt Care;
Who ſhap'd with Art thy tender Limbs,
And caſt thee in a Mould ſo fair:
Thy groſſer Subſtance to refine,
He purg'd the Maſs from its Allay;
Infus'd a quick, immortal Soul,
And ſtamp'd his glorious Image on the Clay.
Canſt thou forget the mean Eſtate
From which thy humble Lot was ta'en?
Or him who fix'd thy better Fate,
And kindly bid thee live and reign?
What Privilege to thee is giv'n,
Thou laſt, thou fav'rite Work of Heav'n!
With Face erect, to view his bright Abode,
To learn his righteous Laws, and know him for
thy GOD.

XXXII.

Thoſe Ills which guilty Sinners dread,
Shall harmleſs play around thy Head:
Why ſhould'ſt thou fear the Shock to ſtand,
When cover'd by thy Maker's Hand?
He form'd thee free, as freely live;
Enjoy what Innocence can give:
For Bliſs Supreme thy Taſte prepare,
Within his Boſom lodge thy Care,
And place thy lov'd *Elizium* there.

XXXIII.

XXXIII.

Sleep, happy Man, do thou ſecurely reſt;
Let no dark Thought thy even Mind controul,
Whilſt Virtue reigns the Sov'reign of thy Breaſt,
And wiſely ſways the Motions of thy Soul:
In a ſoft Flow thy eaſie Life ſhall glide;
Heav'n be thy firm Support, and Providence thy Guide.

XXXIV.

Hence, ye Prophane, ye empty Names,
Whoſe boaſted Influence we defy;
Milcom, and *Aſhtoreth*, and *Baal*,
Ye idle Rabble of the Sky:
Pounded to Duſt, your Statues fall,
Your ſolemn Rites ſhall ſound no more;
Your Maker's Maker, as our Lord,
We own with Tranſport, and with Pride adore.
Ye Angels, praiſe his ſacred Name,
Ye heard the mighty *Fiat* giv'n;
And hail'd the WORD with loud Acclaim,
Which ſhook the Battlement of Heav'n:
Whilſt wond'ring Worlds ſhall catch the Sound,
And waft the hallow'd Notes around;
With flying Fingers touch the trembling Lyre,
Sweet, as what Love Divine, and Gratitude inſpire.

XXXV.

XXXV.

Whilſt fervent Vows from Altars riſe,
And Clouds of Incenſe reach the Skies;
Whilſt Nature ſpeaks in ev'ry Part,
And Senſe of Duty warms the Heart;
Could'ſt thou, my Soul, forgetful be?
Silence would be a Crime in thee.
Raiſe on Devotion's ſwifteſt Wing,
Do thou thy tuneful Tribute bring
To Him, who gave the Muſe to ſing.

XXXVI.

How vaſt the Thought? How daring are the Lays,
Which ſpeak thy Actions to recording Fame?
To ſound to liſt'ning Worlds, Great God! thy Praiſe,
Weak is my Force, tho' glorious is my Theme.
Mount, mount, my Soul, in that Etherial Fire
Which burns within my Heart, and never ſhall expire.

DEATH's VISION.

A POEM.

I.

SOme gentle Ghoſt, that's launch'd and gone
From Coaſts of dull Mortality,
That's well arriv'd, and entertain'd as one
Of the triumphant Colony,
That ſtocks the Regions of the bleſt Eternity,
Come eaſe my burthen'd Mind, and tell
What 'tis to bid the World farewel;
What 'tis t'abandon all that's dear,
My Hopes and Joys below,
My Friends and Studies too,
And all my known Converſes here.
Oh! tell what 'tis to take a Flight
Beyond the Changes of revolving Light,
To Worlds I never ſaw,
Worlds of Wonder, and of Awe,
Or fill'd with ſolid Glory, or with ſolid Night!
Come, candid Spirit, haſte and fly,

And

And (if thou canſt declare,
And I the News can bear)
Come, tell me what it is to die.

II.

Oh! ſay what will become of me,
When Monumental Cold ſhall ſeize
This Organized Cask, and freeze
Its active Pow'rs and Faculties!
In what myſterious Plight ſhall I then be,
When Life's weak Lamp, that now theſe Years has ſhone,
Shall be extinct and gone;
And when the *Primigenial* Fire,
That bad the Pulſe keep Time, and beat
And ſtrike the Moments of its Heat,
Shall languiſh and expire.
When theſe ſoft Bellows too, that ſo
Unweariedly do blow,
Are working Day and Night,
To fan, and to foment the waſting Light,
Shall all unmechaniz'd, and all unactive grow;
Shall all their toilſome Labour ſpare,
And play no more with ſwelling Gales of intercurrent Air.
And when the Purple, Vital Flood,
That drives the Wheels, and keeps the Bellows going,
Always ſwelling, always blowing,
That never yet has ſtood;

A meer

A meer *Mæotis* ſhall be found,
Forget its beaten trace,
Be weary of its native Pace,
And run no more its long accuſtom'd haſty Round.

III.

Alas! what ſhall poor I become,
When all the Miniſters of Senſe,
The Poſts of quick Intelligence,
Shall march no more from home!
Shall neither tell th' Affairs abroad,
Nor their Domeſtick News bring in,
Being ſlain upon the Road,
Diſpatch no more Advices to the Mind within,
When nimble Spies that were
So ready to detect from far,
Shall be caſhier'd their Office quite.
No ſprightly Images reſtore,
And buſily converſe no more
With the unnumber'd Offspring of reflected Light;
When the deaf Drum ſhall not rebound.
And Trumpet's winding Space
Shall modulate no more a needful Sound,
T' allarum or allure the Regent of the Place;
When the perceptive *Hammer* ſhall not know
Its Practice, nor conſign preſcribed Blow
Unto the wonted *Anvil* there, and ſo
No more ſhall in the ſon'rous Forge be coin'd

The

The airy Medals of a ſpeaking Mind;
When the officious Guards that wait
Their Duty at the Palace-Gate,
Still girt to execute Commands,
Or Embaſſy to Feet or Hands,
Shall be disbanded from their Coaſts,
And hurry'd away from their attended Poſts,
Or ſtupid ſink, unable to diſcloſe
Occurring Friends or Foes;
When the rich Palace with its Tower on high
(The Sacred Microcoſm's Court,
Where now Ideas of all Qualities reſort,)
Shall fall, and in its fatal Ruins lie;
When the bright Regent, ſcar'd by this Decay,
Shall take her forc'd relenting Flight away,
From her old-tenanted, inhoſpitable Clay.

IV.

Then in what Shape will Death appear!
What alter'd Apprehenſions will he bring?
Death! that has often walk'd ſo near,
In Grandeur of a proud, remorſeleſs King!
The hect'ring Ghoſt, at whoſe black Triumphs gain'd,
I have ſo oft been entertain'd;
Whoſe breathleſs Trophies, ſcatter'd all around,
Have ſo augmented, and enrich'd the Ground?
Dread Heaven's inſatiate Miniſter, that ſtill
Is eager, and impatient to fulfil
His bloody, old Commiſſion, *Slay and Kill!*

That

That has paſt Ages into Darkneſs hurl'd,
And ſtill diſpeoples the ſucceeding World;
Death, the unceſſant Sting, and future Bane
Of all the galled Guilty and Prophane!
The undiſturb'd Retreat, th' immortal Eaſe
Of wath'd and undefiled Conſciences:
Sworn Enemy to all that's brave and bright:
Sole Uſher to the World of Joys and Light.
Death! the ſtrange Finite, Uncreated Thing,
The abſolute, the poor, precarious King;
The potent, metaphyſick Shade, which all
The Learned will but mere *Privation* call.
Great Sov'raign! who exalts his Subjects moſt,
Yet tramples them to Silence and to Duſt:
The legal Monarch, whoſe juſt Pow'r and
Throne
Is founded in Unrighteouſneſs alone:
Whoſe rightful Claims t'oppoſe with ſtiff Defence,
Is ſacred Duty and Allegience.
Thou crafty Foe, whoſe unexampled Pow'r
Cou'd wound and ſlay ev'n thine own Conqueror.
Tyrannick Fool too, who by haſt'ning ſo
To lov'd, repeated Victories,
New Triumphs and Solemnities,
Art poſting ſtill to thine own Overthrow.
The greateſt Captive thou could'ſt ever boaſt,
Whoſe Life in conqu'ring thee was loſt:

Whom

Whom more thy growing Pride oppreſt,
More bruis'd and mortify'd than all the reſt,
Will come e're long, in Grandeur come to ſee
Himſelf and all his Friends reveng'd on thee:
Will grind thy Bones, and break thy Maſter's Head,
And thou that ſtol'ſt a World of Life, ſhalt ever then be dead.

V.

Ah me! kind Spirit, that's march'd Above,
What will Death's Paſſion, Pow'r, and Conqueſt prove?
What will befal me, when theſe Corps ſhall lie
A Proſtrate Victim to his Soveraignty?
Whither, O whither ſhall I flee,
When once his greedy Stroak is paſt?
To what ſtrange Climate ſhall I haſte?
And what then ſhall I be?
How ſhall I act? what ſhall I do?
What Wonders ſhall I ſee?
What Scenes and Worlds will then be open'd to my View?
My View! with what Amazement preſs'd,
To ſee my ſelf ſtript naked, and undreſs'd:
Stript of that Garb that I ſhould always wear,
Had not Tranſgreſſion entred there;
The native Garb, which the Creator's Mind
As half of Compound-ſelf deſign'd.

What

What Start will ſhake me at Surprize,
To ſee an Uncompounded ſelf ariſe:
To ſee what 'tis will then leap out alive,
A Novel ſelf that muſt my ſelf ſurvive.
This indiviſible, extended Point,
That ſcatters Life thro' ev'ry Joint;
That while it ſits, and reigns on high,
To loweſt Office condeſcends,
From Head to Foot, from Hand to Eye,
Quick Errands and Diſpatches ſends:
That guides at once the Head and Heart,
Being All in All, and All in ev'ry Part.
The intellective, vital Flame,
That cold and dormant lies,
Is thoughtleſs ſtruck, and dies
By the untun'd Contexture of th' unthinking Frame.
Eſſential Thought! that can pure Light commence,
Can clear Ideas join,
Divide, review, refine,
Run Round Imagination's Line,
Lock'd up Cloſe Priſoner by the Miniſters of Senſe!
Kind Immaterial Form, that quick Receives
Material Laws our Mechaniſm Gives!
Dependent Life, that Independent lives!
Proteus! That varies to all Shapes at Will,
Aſſumes all Figures, that ſubmit
To Teſt of Mathematick Wit,

Strange

Yet incorporeal ſtands, and ſhapeleſs ſtill;
Strange Wanderer, that loves to roam
Thro' Earth, and Seas, and Stars, yet ſtays at home.
Celeſtial Spark, that Band and Cement flies,
Yet bound by Fumes, and ſlaviſh Sympathies:
That ſhou'd by Int'reſt, and by Nature move
Tow'rds th' unconfin'd, congenerous Realms above;
Yet fondly, 'midſt its num'rous Cracks, and Storms,
Still craves the crazy Cabin it informs;
Subſtantial Myſtery, that knows
Exotic Beings well;
But what it is, how acts and does,
Is to itſelf all unconceivable.

VI.

But now arriv'd at foreign Land,
How mute and hov'ring ſhall I ſtand,
Struck thro' with various Fright;
Not knowing what to do,
Nor whither I'm to go,
Nor how to ſpring an unembodyed Flight.
Won't ev'n a ſmart Reſentment riſe,
At thoſe, whoſe decent Art
Performs the laſt obliging Part,
In ſealing up the Lips and Eyes?
Reſentment; that unfriendly they
Wou'd ſtudiouſly prevent my Stay,

Or my Eſſay'd Return into the Cooling Clay!
Or will ſome Friendly Ghoſt be Near,
By Sympathizing Kindneſs Brought,
By late Experience taught,
His following Brethren to Relieve and Cheer?
What Foreign Garb will He Prepare
To cloath a naked Stranger there;
To Dreſs me for the World were I muſt dwell,
Or carve thick Night and Darkneſs palpable?
A ſultry, ſmoaking Vehicle,
The gloomy Robes of Death and Hell!
Robes ever unconſum'd, that are
The Badges of Confuſion and Deſpair!
Or, by Divine Commiſſion Frame
Æthereal Veſture for a Ghoſt,
Strait bound for the Celeſtial Coaſt,
Cut out of Orient Azure fring'd with Lambent Flame?
The Temporary Garb, that only may
A while ſupply and indicate
The Office of the ſublimated Clay,
When rais'd to Glory and immortal State!
Or, rather will ſome Cherub ſtand,
By ſpecial Office charg'd at Hand,
(Long skill'd in this deep Exerciſe,)
To learn me immaterial Myſteries?
Will he with charming Meſſage ſaid
Diſmiſs my Fears, and make me glad?
Will he come teach an unfledg'd Soul to fly,
To ſee, without the Optics of an Eye?

Teach

Teach to distinguish Sounds, and hear
Without the Grave Formality of an Ear?
Teach me to speak the Troubles of a Mind,
That's forc'd to leave his Tongue, and Head,
and Heart behind?
Will he come guide, and guard my Way,
(That can't but it exactly know
By often Trav'ling to and fro)
To the exalted Realms of Everlasting Day?

VII.

Come then, let's mount and fly
On winged Wills to the rich Worlds on High.
Oh me! my Guide! what Wonder's here
In all our Road successively appear?
What Natures now, what Shapes these Atoms
wear,
That Form this Fluid, this elastic Air!
Atoms too fine for mortal sight,
But large and gross to immaterial Light!
See, with what Rage they from each other
Rove,
Renouncing still the Law of mutual Love!
See, in what whirling Streams they flow!
What diff'rent Streams embrace them, as they
go!
Look there, how swell'd voluminous Vapour
flies
From raging Seas into the calmer Skies!

What flaming Floods discharged there
From loud Volcano's singe the Atmosphere,
From hidden Mines and Treasures up they come,
From each or friendly or infectious Womb!
Look how cloy'd Planets yonder vomit forth
Their heterogeneous Humours t'wards the Earth.
What Rendezvouz is here? no Wonder hence
Strange airy Laws, quick Life or Death commence!
See, how they marshal! How their Forces join;
How greet and fight, how seperate and combine!
Alas! Poor Native Globe, whose various Fate
Hangs on the Turns of this embroyled State!
Welcome, ah! Welcome, blest informing Light,
That Cures my old Mistakes, and Scouts,
My num'rous Philosophic Doubts,
And chases all my Scepticism quite!
Now are first Seeds and Principles disclos'd,
Essential Forms and Textures all expos'd.
Immortal Seeds, that intermingled lie
The Ground of unaccountable Variety;
Textures by which brisk Flames do upward Ride,
And those by which pellucid Waters Glide;

Without

Without tyr'd Study now, the Central Charms appear,
Which Bodies reſtleſs make, till they come there.
Now the myſterious Love at laſt, I trace
That binds and Acts the vaſt Corporeal Whole,
That plays the univerſal Soul,
Aſſigning all their Order, and their Place.
No Wonder, Souls breathe Union and Agree,
Made up of Love and Harmony!
No Wonder, ſacred Spirits (whoſe glorious Head
Has upon them attractive Unction ſhed)
Are by a ſtronger Gravitation join'd,
Whoſe Love and Harmony is all reſign'd,
This whole World's Law, and Life appears to be
Nought elſe but Love and Harmony;
Ev'n Matter's Self is urg'd with Am'rous Suit,
Inclin'd in all its Parts to Mutual Salute;
Myſterious Love, whoſe binding Power conſtrains
The ſlipp'ry'ſt Faces with the cloſeſt Chains:
That teaches bleeding Steel to Wound by ſtealth,
Or greeting ſend, and ſympathetic Health;
Inſpires dead Fibres, in th' harmonious Tone,
At once to warble, and dance Unison;

Magnetic Virtues and their puzzling Cauſe
Which unmechanic ſeem'd and ſprung from Laws,
Of ſome ſtrange forreign Syſtem, now I find,
No Riddles are to Love, and to a naked Mind.
I ſee, why the touch'd Needle ſtill ſcents about,
Till it has found its Darling Quarter out;
And why, unconſtant grown, it ſometimes takes
New-ſprung Amours, and its dear *North* forſakes;
Why flow'ring Vines tho' fix'd in diſtant Soil
Prompt Wines in *England* to Ferment and Boil;
How blooming Trees (as 'twere, for future Birth)
Unſtain dy'd Cloaths, and call their Atoms forth;
Why dark'ned Seas pretend to ſcatter Light,
As if they truly Lodg'd the Sun by Night;
I ſee, (Philoſophy I long'd to know,
But was too Deep for poreing Minds below)
Why lift'ning Seas ſo daily watch the Shore,
Crowd up the Roads, down which they ran before,
As if they yet rememb'red old Command,
Or crav'd new Leave to drown the guilty Land;
Heav'ns Shops and Magazines unlock'd I view,
What cool Alembic drops the Rain and Dew;

What

What Larth so turns, what Art japans the Bow,
What Looms prepare and weave the fleecy Snow;
In what tight Mills the icy Balls are Ground,
Why small or larger made, why White and Round;
How the Sun's Banner stormy Fight prepares,
And Summons airy Troops to blust'ring Wars;
What wild Ingredients are together cramm'd,
And into clowdy Cannons closely ramm'd,
At whose Dread roar fierce Balls and Fires are hurl'd,
Omens of that, that must calcine the World;
From what low Birth proud Meteors climb the Air,
What combs and kindles their presaging Hair;
How cou'd I feast the Students now below,
(Might I for their Relief and Ease
Descend a θεὸς ἀπὸ μηχανῆς)
Solve their distracting Problems quick and show
Rules of Reflected and Refracted Light,
How all the Tribes of sep'rate Colours Grow,
And all combin'd beget the single White?
Learn'd Death, that in one Hour instructs me more
Than all my Years on Earth before!
Than all my Academic Aids cou'd do,
Than Chronies, Books and Contemplations too!

Death! That exalts me ſtrait to high'ſt Degree!
Commenc'd a more than *Newton* in Abſtruſe
Philoſophy.

VIII.

How faſt we mount, my Guide, my Eye
Can ſcarce purſue the Orbs run whirling by!
Being now arriv'd at *Saturn*'s Sphere,
Let's ſtand a while, and take a Proſpect there.
These Worlds cou'd ne'er be made, nor furniſhed
Dull Mortals only to amaze,
To call them out to Peep and Gaze,
They're nobler Entertainment for the Dead!
Great God! what Pow'r and Skill combine
To manage this myſterious Frame,
Thy Glories in each Portion ſhine,
'Tis big with thine Almighty Name!
Ah! Happy Proſpect, that infallibly confutes
Old Prejudice, and ends Theorical Diſputes!
Now, now, to Sight, the Controverſy's done,
Whether our little Globe maintain
The Centre of this whirling main,
Or whisks its yearly Journey round the Sun?
The little Globe, how wiſely plac'd
In Day and Night alternate there,
In changeing Seaſons of the Year,
For cherishing the Lives with which 'tis proudly grac'd!
How honourably ſerv'd and waited on
By a beneficent revolving Moon,

A dark

A dark Diſtributer of Light,
That kindly ſhortens and adorns the Night?
Patron of Man's Tranquillity and Eaſe!
Ordain'd Diſturber of Pacific Seas!
What wild *Meanders* does the Wand'rer trace,
Inconſtant to her Orb, her Light and Pace?
How oft does the Old Chang'ling Love t'aſſume
In ſpite of Age, New Life and Youthful Bloom,
How oft with varyed Face affect to ride
Along the admiring Heav'ns, and to ſhow
A Picture of Unconſtancy and Pride?
Ah! Fatal, fatal Governeſs below!
But let me gaze on, and admire
That boyling Ocean of unfuel'd Fire,
The Soul of all the Planetary Quire!
Time's Parent, and Time's Offspring too,
Recorder of the Years, and Breath we Drew!
Vicarious God! on whoſe Imperial State
A Train of Worlds for Life and Motion wait!
Obliging Power! thus daily to renew
Thy Largeſſes, to theſe thy Clients bound!
Thus ſolemnly to turn thy ſelf around,
And take them all within thy friendly View!
Rich Painter! That can thus careſs the Eye,
Beſtows on ev'ry Face its different Dy,
And hangs the Globe in all its gaudy Tapeſtry.
Why did blind Nations ſtyle thee God of Love?
Was it becauſe thou doſt ſo lovely prove,
Each Body does thy kind approaches Woe?

And yet each Body's ſhy,
And like thy ſtory'd *Daphne* coy,
And ſtill declines thy cloſe Embraces too:
Heaven's Secretary thou, to whom we owe
The opening all the wond'rous Scenes below!
Grand Miniſter of mortal Senſe and Sight,
That ſtrikes us blind with high Exceſs of Light!
Prodigious Source of Life, that e'er ſince Time begun
Has waſting ſtill and undiminiſh'd run!
That far and wide does genial Streams diſpenſe,
Bright Emblem of his own Creator's Influence!
Swift Streams, that almoſt leave the Thought behind,
Almoſt out-fly the Sallies of the Mind!
Sagacious They, that thus unerring tend
The ſhorteſt way to their Deſigned End!
Sure to come there, when nothing can Repreſs
Their haſty Flight, but unreſiſting Emptineſs!
Go Doating, fond Philoſophy,
With all thy Catachreſtic Names!
Call yonder Planet *Mercury*,
Whom ſuch intenſive Heat
Will not evaporate,
Calcine, nor ſublimate;
That ſo undaunted runs amidſt the Chymic Flames?
But lo! with what Majeſtic Grace

Sweet

Sweet *Venus* follows, and maintains
Thro' all her Changes and her Wanes
A ſtill unclouded lovely Face!
Such conſtant Beauty, tho' it lie
(As mortal Beauties us'd to be)
Intangled with Unconſtancy,
Can't chuſe but Charm each Aſtronomic Eye.
Her nimble-footed Harbinger,
Tho' plac'd amidſt the Streams;
Of beautifying Beams,
Is more illuſtrous made by her.
Now ſtoop, weak Reaſon, nor pretend
To ſcan wiſe Nature's Rules, or End!
Ah! who'd expect to find
That ſmaller Orb diſplac'd ſo far behind?
So little he, ſo diſtant ſet
From the great Spring of Light and Heat,
He needs muſt wear a darker Robe,
Than that, that Cloaths my native Globe;
So frigid too, how can he bear
The name of the Old Pagan God of War?
But here advance to nearer Sight
Loud Heralds of Eternal Might;
See, how *Plebeian* Plannets fly,
Poſſeſs'd with trembling Fear,
They hide and diſappear,
As Mighty *Jove* drives his brisk Stages by!
Vaſt *Jove*, whoſe Grandure will diſdain
Of ſolar Diſtance to complain,

When he himſelf can ſuch high State diſplay
In his reſplendent Train,
That guards his Motions and makes bright his Way!
Yet great as he pretends to be,
The Royal Maſter of this Sphere,
Tho' Size and Bulk he'll not compare,
(In pond'rous Bulk and Size
No great Perfection lies)
Boaſts a more pompous Train than he.
See what a tedious Path he's fain to trace,
How far from *Jove*'s, to give his large Retinue Space?
But, Oh! what curious Piece did Art divine,
And well taught Nature here deſign?
Does in this Orb a ſacred Covenant grow
Decypher'd by this horizontal Bow?
How richly's this grave Wand'rer dreſt
With an Illuſtrious Ring above the Reſt?
Around it rolls, makes all its Parts appear,
Yet lies obſcur'd in Light, for half the Year;
What diff'rent Office it at once can play,
Both make the Night and make the Day!
It's circling Pace can Life retreive,
And make the dying Fluids live;
See, how its various *Phaſes*, Uſe and End.
At once delight the wondring Natives and befriend?
Lay Mortals, lay your learned Glaſſes by,
Too feeble, too ſhort-ſighted to deſcry

All

All these Attendants of his State,
That thus about him run
Supply and Slight the distant Sun,
And rich Philosophy and charming Views create!
Now, now adieu ye pleasing Store
Of Dreams and Fancies I indulg'd before!
I *see* what Natives these toss'd Islands bare,
Natives, as diff'rent as their Climates are!
Their Studies, Pleasures and Employs I see,
How much more happy and more pure than we;
More heavenly they, more fit and glad to raise
By Love and Service the Creator's Praise.
Ah me! what diff'rent Balls take yonder flight,
Vast fiery Balls, clad o'er with thickned Night:
How regular, how swift, how far they run,
From us, thro' all the Orbs, around the scorching Sun!
Ah! wretched Wights, that there in Durance dwell,
Confin'd to those sulphureous Rooms of Hell!
Erratic Dungeons, destin'd to present
Heaven's Justice flaming there
Upon the Prisoners of Despair,
Before the several Worlds, redeem'd and innocent,
To warn the one to Praise, the other to Repent!
Well may astonish'd Mortals gaze
At the ominous Flames, with which they blaze,

No

No wonder they prognoſticate
The Evils, they themſelves create!
Ah! now the Laws by which they cut the Air,
Their threatning Tails, and long inflamed Hair,
How they are chain'd in their *Elliptic* Race.
Nor gallop out into the Fields of Neighb'ring Space.
Their Cauſes, Ends, and dire Effects below,
To awfull Satisfaction are apparent now!
Great God, what Pow'r, and Prudence to the full
Are ſcatter'd thro' the expanded Whole!
Stupendous Bulk and Symmetry,
Croſs Motion and clear Harmony,
Cloſe Union and Antipathy,
Projectile Force and Gravity,
In ſuch well pois'd Proportions Fall,
As ſtrike this Artful, Mathematic Dance of All.
Come hither, all the Atheiſtic Tribe,
Who this wiſe Scene to Senſeleſs Cauſe aſcribe,
Come hither, as e're long you muſt, and ſee
The radiant Demonſtrations of the Deity!
But juſtly may you dread to find,
When Fleſh's Veil ſhall be withdrawn,
When long Eternity ſhall dawn,
The Exiſtence of the Almighty and All-Holy Mind;

O what

O what Confuſion and what Fears
Will tear your Soul, when Deity appears?
O Study theſe Convictive Views
That may prevent your Endleſs Tears?
O now bethink ye of the Burning News
Ghoſt *Sydenham* thund'red in his Chrony's Ears,
News, that create the Joys where Angels Dwell,
That feed the deathleſs Worm and rapid Flames of Hell!
The Eternal News, which might but I the ſame
So needful now, with Heaven's juſt Leave Proclaim,
Shou'd ſoon fill all the open'd Mouths of Fame!
Or with which rather, cloath'd in Noiſe
More loud than Thunder, or than *Sinai*'s Voice,
I'd preach from hence and quickly make
The Globe and all it's Unbelievers Quake,
Yea, the whole Planetary Syſtem Shake!
I'd Storm thoſe bolted Ears, and quickly Drown
The Noiſe and Hurry of each Ravenous Town,
The loud, pathetic Accents I'd Pronounce,
Shou'd ſtop the Tide of Buſineſs all at once,
Dear Gain and Mirth ſhou'd ſoon abandon'd be
To give grave Audience to my News and me.
I'd make the proud Aſpirer crouch, and court
The Face and Favour he has made his Sport;
I'd make the Accurſed Miſer throw with Shame
His Idol to the Caves from whence it came;

I'd

I'd ſoon Confute the *Epicure*, and fright
Th' impatient Wanton from his lewd Delight;
I'd cure the Fop of his diſtracted Fits,
And make the Brain-ſick Beau to find his Wits;
And make the *Sceptic* and the *Hobbian* Schools
Recant their *Maxims*, and confound their Rules;
The Lofty'ſt Monarchs (whoſe ſublimer Birth
Makes them Ador'd, and look like Gods on Earth)
Shou'd ſoon the Force of Heav'nly Grandure feel,
And Crowned Heads beneath his Footſtool Kneel;
No more in vain ſhou'd the weak Preacher Spread
Perſwaſive Hands and Breath unto the Dead,
I'd make Him put more Soul into his Breath,
I'd make Them hear, and burſt the Chains of Death;
Conſcience ſhou'd wake, and preach, and Conſcious Fears
Shou'd roar more loud than Mortars in their Ears;
Thro' every Clime the Rev'rend News ſhou'd Sound,
Each Cave and Veil ſhou'd with the News Rebound!
And vocal Seas repeat and roll the News around!
Ah! Fooliſh Thought! this Complicated Throng

Of

Of Works and Laws Divine,
Where ſuch immenſe Perfections ſhine,
More loudly tells the News without a Tongue!
When this wide Plain was firſt pourtray'd,
The Syſtem's fixt Foundations laid,
The rich Materials brought, and in juſt Ballance weigh'd
Well might pleas'd Seraphs ſhout, and all the Throng
Of Morning-Stars ſtrike up a Celebrating Song;
'O! O, the Treaſures of Eternal Might!
'The Magazines of ſelf-exiſtent Love and
'Light'
'Tho' in our Realms ſtill freſh Applauſes
'Grow,
'Where immaterial Wonders always flow;
'Turn we aſide, and ſtoop to ſee
'New Matter's maze, and multiform Variety!
'Matter, whoſe dusky Nature can ſurprize
'Our ſhining, intellective Faculties;
'That puzzles them with undiſſolved Knot,
'Tis ſtill Diviſible, and yet 'tis not!
'Bleſs us! how Matter and its Motion can
'In all the Pomp of Intricacy reign!
'Huge Maſſes, niceſt Subtleties,
'Weights, Numbers, Figures, and Degrees
'Of Union, Textures, Times, and Tone,
'And Meaſures, that tranſcend our own;
'Diſcordant Motions, ſwift and ſlow
'Yet uniform and conſtant too,

'Direct

' Direct, elliptic, circular,
' Vibrations too that interfere,
' Thousands of References far and near,
' How swiftly by the dextrous Skill
' Of potent Counsel, and omniscient Will,
' Are calculated all, and intermingled here?
' How well are Breath divine, and Dust com-
' priz'd?
' Two Worlds in six foot length epitomiz'd,
' And Contradictions harmoniz'd?
' But what Amazements will not meet,
' When Heav'n it self does in grand Council
' sit?
' Rise noble World, and find us true.
' In all appointed Ministry to you!
' Blest be the Pow'r, displays his Glories Thus!
' Rise Rival-World, and at the end
' Of destin'd, rolling Ages send
' A welcome Colony to our World and us.

Ah! Dear, Deluded *Virtuosi*, who
Are wistly groping in our World below,
Now sink, oh sink your studious Pride,
Spare idle Pains, and wisely cast aside
Your Learn'd, *Utopean* Theories,
Well manag'd, blind Hypotheses
Of Institutes Divine, ridiculously Wide.
What can waste *Vacuum* and Atoms do?
Or Plenitude and Motion too?
(But, O what empty Heads are those
That Plenitude with Motion wou'd compose?)

Or

Or joſtling *Vortices*, unleſs they can
Demonſtrate the *Vertigo* of a wanton Brain?
Or univerſal, gravitating Pace,
(That comes ſo late, and goes ſo far
To ſolve the Rules and Orders here,)
Tho' blended alſo with Projectile Race?
Here Powers and Laws are fixt and woven ſo
As are unreach'd undreamt of quite below:
Alas! Alas! you'll ne'er ſurvey
All the contriv'd *Phænomena*,
Nor the Survey'd Reſolve, till you
Shall take, like me, an Unembodied View!
Oh that I might rich Truths and Knowledge lend,
As once *Ficinus* to his ſtudious Friend!
Here's Proſpect well worth while, worth Pains to die,
And quit the lov'd, the dim Reſearches of Mortality.

IX.

Mortality! methinks the Name
A kind of Paſſion ſtill creates,
Whilſt ſenſibly it intimates
The rueful Ills and World from whence I came!
Tho' raptur'd with this numerous Dance,
With Globes and Balls methodically whirl'd,
A ſecret Inſtinct makes me love to Glance
T'wards my endear'd, forſaken World.

Ah me! was yonder despicable Clod
The Stage of my Life's Scenes, and my Abode?
Was't there, that I a thinking Essence grew?
There vital Clay, and vital Æther drew?
Was That the World we did so late admire,
That did our Senses Charm,
Our fond *Affections* warm,
And set the silly Microcosm all on Fire?
Was that our Source of Joy! and cou'd we there
Build tow'ring Hopes, as Castles in the Air?
Cou'd you black Patches seem the Sovereign good
For which Proud Mortals spill whole Streams of Blood?
Bless me! how cou'd we idolize its Ore?
Its Pompous Gawds, and Fooleries adore?
How cou'd we for its Dross ev'n stoop to Kiss
The insulting Dev'l? How cou'd we (Fools) for this
Barter our deathless selves, our Innocence and Bliss?
Ah! fall'n confounded Globe thou! where
The Center's Sin, and Curse, the Atmosphere!
Almighty Love's old Monument, that hath
Hardly escap'd the Dint of Flaming Wrath!
Once splendid Paradise! once Belov'd Abode
Of Happy Angels and their Happy God!
Now Ruins of Majestic Pow'r, that may
Just tell their Author and his Name betray?

His

His Name in Ruin'd Fabrics ſtands compleat:
Demoliſh'd Temples ſpeak their Founder Great,
Now no more Luſtre Lives, or Rich Attire
Than muſt e're long paſs thro' transforming Fire?
See how the weary, trav'lling Axes groan
Beneath the pond'rous Curſe, that's o'er 'em Thrown?
Hence riſe *Errata*, hence Diſorder ſits
To prove a Scandal to unthinking Wits;
Hell's Suburbs! where Impurites in Grain,
And loud Impieties Triumphant Reign,
Where lofty Luſts claim Scepters for their own,
And Scarlet Villanies aſcend the Throne;
Den of Enrag'd Unrighteous, and their Tools!
Cage of conceited aud diſtracted Fools!
Where Hell's proud Prince with Pleaſure walks each Day,
Large Empire boaſts, and arbitrary Sway;
Where Headſtrong Griefs intruding Joys controul,
Pierce the ſoft Heart, and Wound th' impriſon'd Soul;
Where Pleaſures poyſon, and torment the Mind,
Arm'd with Reſiſtleſs Stings they leave behind;
Where bright and ſocial Virtues ſoon are found
Choak'd by the baleful Miſts that there abound;
Where Friendſhip, the dear Antidote of Strife,
The ſweet Beguiler of the Ills of Life,

Friend-

Friendſhip, by Name, is courted and careſs'd,
But Baniſh'd far from each pretending Breaſt;
In her due Room a Neſt of Vermin lies,
And ſelfiſh, ſordid Furies tyrannize.
Where conjugal Accord, the firſt and beſt
Of Friendſhips entertain'd by humane Breaſt,
The Sacied Tye, wiſe Heav'n did firſt ordain
The Help and (next it ſelf) the Heav'n of Man,
Is ſoon imbitter'd with ſevere Allays,
Transform'd to Bane, and Canker of his Days,
Where Vices and Confuſions native grow,
Religion's forreign, and is treated ſo;
No ſooner condeſcends th' Æthereal Dame
To viſit ſome dark Town with vital Flame,
But ſtraitway all around contrive
To hoot the heav'nly Gueſt and drive
Her home unto the Land, from whence ſhe came.
The pious Few us'd, as unworthy they
The World, that's ſo unworthy of their Stay;
Heav'n's Candidates go cloath'd with foul Diſguiſe,
And Heav'n's Reports are damn'd for ſenſeleſs Lies.
Tremendous Myſteries are (ſo Hell pervails)
Lampoon'd for Jargon and fantaſtic Tails;

Heav'n's

Heav'n's Heralds, ſent to heal and bleſs the
Mind,
To ſummon Man from Darkneſs and from
Toys,
To ſtarry Crowns and to ſeraphic Joys,
Are treated as the Refuge of Mankind;
Where the great Son of the Eternal God,
Who ſways the Worlds with Unreſiſted Nod,
While in our form Salvation he atchieves,
Was baſely ſlain, and hang'd with inpious
Thieves
(Well might the Sun wink and put out his
Light,
Nor dare to ſee ſo bold, blaſphemous Sight!)
From Heav'n he came to purchaſe and eſpouſe,
To light dark Souls unto his Father's Houſe;
Lo, the Returns! Lo there, the grateful Fruit
His Love and Laws lie trampled under Foot!
Th' Eternal Spirit of Peace and peaceful Might,
That kindly comes in crowned *Shiloh*'s Right,
Comes to convey the Bleſſings he hath bought,
To bring us the Redemption he hath wrought,
Is vex'd and griev'd, and ſpitefully traduc'd,
His Love and Works affronted and abus'd;
Ah, how the ſtubborn Miſcreants combine
To baffle boundleſs Grace, and Blood Divine!
Is that the World we cou'd ſo ill foregoe?
The Element of Death, Apoſtacy and Woe!
Bleſs me! what helliſh Spell controuls
The native Pow'rs of Heav'n-born Souls!
What

What fatal Potion charms them to forget
Their Make, their Father, and their Father's Seat?
A Curſe on all our Wit and Senſe of late
That knows and ſeeks no better World than that!
Ah me, how much more pure and fine,
How much more Noble and Divine
Is one poor naked Soul than all
The bulky Maſs of that capacious Ball!
Sweet Viſion (ſweet, amidſt theſe Scenes of Woe!)
Thus clearly, thus compendiouſly to ſhow
The ſev'ral Ranks of Souls that ply below!
What igneous Seeds involv'd in fibrous Earth,
Give the vaſt vegetable Kingdom Birth;
How they diſtinguiſh Food for vital Uſe,
Breathe, and drive round the circulating Juice;
How they digeſt, preſpire, drink, and are
By ſeaſonable drinking freſh and fair;
Breed ſem'nal Virtue, and from Teeming Root
Shed Infant-Bloſſoms, and Prolific Fruit.
What more exalted Spirits inform and ſway
The Capillary Limbs of ſmall'ſt *Automata*;
Inſtill Diſcretion there, and quite out-do
The Feats of Matter and its Motion too;
What nobler Souls the nobler Machins wear,
Maſters of Senſe, and skillful Inſtinct there;

For

For their Life's Buſineſs, and Intentions fit,
Springs of irrational Sagacity and Wit;
What Virtue kindles their pneumatic Fire,
And whether at deceaſe they ſilently Retire;
Grand Sov'reignty, that thus was pleas'd to ſtate
Their Ends, and Toils, and Undeſerved Fate!
Too Good, too Guiltleſs to be treated thus.
To be entrall'd, and Sacrific'd for us!
What brighter Forms in humane Fabric Reign,
Innoble and impeach degenerate Man;
Outfly weak Senſe no Metaphyſic Wings,
Yet ty'd to Muſcles and mechanic Strings,
Deſtin'd to Light, and to Diviner Guſt,
Wedded to Clay, and proſtitute to Luſt,
Remote from Matter, and exempt from Death,
Immediate Progeny of Almighty Breath!
In cloſe Aſcents the Riſing Orders grow,
Holding Communion ſtill with thoſe below;
From meaneſt *Microſcopic* Species there,
Of Nature's Armies the remoteſt Rear,
Up to the Frontier Squadrons of the Skies,
Does gradual Kindred, and Connexion riſe;
Thus Wiſdom thro' whole Nature's Orb is ſeen,
Leaving no wide uncomely *Chaſm* between;
'Tis Sin, alas! has all the Miſchief Done,
Broke the Creation's Harmony, and thrown

Beneath the baſeſt Brutes, our Princely Race
Down to deep Hell, and to loſt Angels Place;
How cou'd I weep (had I my Eyes again)
The deſp'rate Caſe inchanted Souls are in,
Immers'd in Earth and Fleſh, in Filth and Sin!
Is that the World ſo courted, and ſo ſought?
For which the unſeen Worlds have thro' all Ages fought?
Bleſs me! my Guide, what wounding Sight is here!
See, how the ſpacious Regions of the Air
Throng'd with thick Shoals of diff'rent Spirits appear!
See now the ſev'ral Ranks, that fell
From Innocence and Joys unſpeakable!
Look! ſome of Courſe Alloy, ignoble Birth,
Delight in Dens and Caverns of the Earth;
Others, on other Purpoſes intent,
The Atmoſphere's incircling Climes frequent;
Others, in whom a loftyer Genius reigns,
Are Dwellers of the vaſt Æthereal Plains,
Malignant all! and ſtudious (as they can)
To avenge their Ruin upon envyed Man!
Poor Mortals, drown'd in Lethargy and Vice!
Bewitch'd with Wit, with Apiſhneſs and Noiſe!
To whom this View is all Romantic Theme,
Being nobly born to Laugh, and Drink, and Dream!

Blind

Blind to the World of unincarnate Hoſts!
The Spoils the Foot-Balls of contending Ghoſts!
Dream on, mad World! thy frantic Dreams attend!
Time flies apace to its appointed end!
Great *Michael* now prepares to take
His Fatal Trump to ſound,
Almighty Trump, that ſoon will make
Earth's Rooms, and Heav'n's high Roof to ſhake,
Death's Adamantine Courts to quake,
The Quick and Dead (leſs deaf o'th' two) to wake,
Will call paſt Time (unthought-of Riddle!) back,
And (ſince thy Age ſhall ſuch, at leaſt, be found)
Will in a Moment riſe ſix thouſand Years from under Ground!
The Patient Judge juſt ready is to riſe
From off his Throne, and to repair
To his Tribunal in the Air,
To hold thy univerſal, thy ſevere Aſſize;
Venture, ſtill venture his revengeful Ire,
The raging Billows of his furious Fire!
See then, what Pow'r thy proud Preſumption hath
To ſave thee from the injur'd Saviour's Wrath!

Oh me! How roaring Fiends, loos'd from their Cell,
Run gath'ring round the Globe, Supplies for Hell!
See how they ſcatter Darkneſs and Diſtruſt,
Sow up and down their Tares,
Like Fire-balls, hurl ſtrong Scandals, Baits and Snares,
With pregnant Seeds of each enraged Luſt!
Look yonder Dev'l does 'midſt gull'd Crowds Record
Dark Oracles, and craves to be ador'd!
Look, with what Zeal that Buſy One creates
Capricious Fewds and Jealouſies in States!
How archly that does grim Complexion paint
With holy Varniſh, and bely's the Saint!
How t'other, near a murder'd Carkaſs hid,
Walks ghaſtly, and bemoans th' untimely Dead!
Ah! now each unbeliev'd, myſterious Rite
Of ſtalking *Spectrums* is expos'd to Light;
Of what looſe Maſs they form their plyant Dreſs,
How change their Mien and Viſage as they pleaſe;
What Errands force them to appear Below,
What ghoſtly Laws are giv'n them, when they go,
How they, untouch'd by lying Shapes, impoſe,
Dance in their Chairs, and revel in their Woes;

How

How they are ſtruck, and ſtrike our Organs there,
Throw off their Garb and ſink to Night and Air.
Oh, dreadful! See, how fiery *Damons* fly
Thick o'er our Heads along th' affrighted Sky,
Dragging pale Ghoſts, all howling from afar,
Rent at the Views of the deciſive Bar! ——
But ſee, how Heav'n's bright Poſts skip to and fro!
Some, Sacred Gifts convey,
Some, brandiſh'd Swords of Wrath Diſplay,
And pour deep Vials out full-charg'd with Woe,
O me! How tamely ſome walk up and down,
Attending Exiles, forc'd to Lands unknown,
Look, ſome to Priſon haſte, reſolv'd to be
With Fellow-Servants there, or bound or free:
Others with wond'rous Diligence ſurvey,
Guard Little-ones in Cradles, and at Play,
Charg'd ſtill to watch their growing Years,
Diſcuſs their Dangers and their Fears,
Till by adult Offences griev'd away;
Strange! yonder's one, 'midſt threatning Waves and Air,
A Veſſel holds, Oblig'd by potent Pray'r,
Some with Concern at Sacred Temples wait,
(The Porch of Heav'n is beauteous *Sion's* Gate)

With more Concern, than ranſom'd Flocks that there
In fair, pretending Companies appear;
Wait, as if they with utmoſt Pleaſures came,
To hear the Sounds of the Redeemer's Name;
Pleas'd to behold (without our glimm'ring Glaſs!)
The Executions of eternal Grace;
Admiring Skill divine, and proſp'rous Aid
In rearing an immortal Church, Diſplay'd,
Expecting there, and Overjoy'd to ſee
New Partners joyn'd to their Society;
Thus does our Peace their pure Affections move,
Bleſt Copies of eternal Light and Love;
Oh! with what Speed and Joy you Seraphs come
Conducting their reſpective Charges home? —
Bleſs'd God! cou'd Earth's vile Globes, exalted be
To ring o'er Heav'n, thus rais'd in thy Decree,
Rais'd above all the Numerous Globes that lie
Within thy Hand, beneath thy piercing Eye?
Has that vile Spot, thro' running Time, engroſs'd
Divine Compaſſion, Wiſdom, Thought,
Both fairly conquer'd and dear bought,
The World immenſely bleſt, by being Loſt?

What

What Royal Grace purſues our ſinful Soil,
With Hell's ſtrong Prince divides the captive Spoil ?
Worthy in Endleſs Praiſe and Songs to Sound,
Does 'midſt our Guilt thus triumph and abound,
Reſcues, exalts a choſen Part as high,
As others low in deep Deſtruction lie ;
Thus the poor Globe muſt caſt its primitive Right,
Beſpoil'd and drain'd of all its Natives quite,
Entirely ſhar'd 'twixt Hell, and Realms of Light.
No wonder, Sacred Oracles Declare
It muſt fly thence, and quit its ancient Sphere ;
Be thrown aſide, as ſtain'd with Sin's Diſgrace,
Or elſe reſign'd for a more righteous Race.
Bleſs me! wou'd Heav'n's high Heir, th' Eternal Son
Redeem his Rebels, Purchaſe the Undone ?
Wou'd he put on their Fleſh, and ſojourn there ?
Tread curſed Soil and breathe polluted Air ?
Wou'd he there die, reſolv'd in boundleſs Love
To ſhow how he cou'd crim'nal Duſt improve ?
Cou'd Waſh Black Souls with ſacred Blood of's own,
And lead an earthly Spouſe t'his Father, and his Throne ?
Bleſs me ! muſt yonder grov'ling, Pigmy-wights
Surmount the Lords of theſe ſuperiour Lights ?

Muſt they the Court and Preſence-chamber fill,
With ſtately'ſt Courtiers vye in Luſtre and in Skill;
Sing Angels, ſing! and let new Harps be ſtrung,
To eccho Conſort to a new-made Song!
Sing you, that ſee bright Love's myſterious Face!
Love, that involv'd them in Deſigns of Grace;
That ſee the Grace, that all their Sins Out-reach'd,
That ſee the Hell, from whence they're ſav'd and fetch'd,
(Sav'd, while, alas your doleful Brethren are
Plung'd in Vindictive Flames and in Deſpair.)
That ſee his Grandure, whoſe rich Blood was ſpilt
To waſh their Souls, and Blot their crimſon Guilt;
That ſee the Pow'r, that will their Lives re-treive;
That ſee the Glories they can ſcarce believe;
That ſee (withal) their vile, ungrateful Mind;
That feel the Joys for which they are deſign'd;
That from the Throne drink Beams and Pleaſures new;
That know what 'tis to join, and equal you;
You that ſee this, theſe Themes that muſt employ
The countleſs Ages of Eternity.

Who

Who at these Views are ravish'd with Delight,
Whose singing Pow'rs are equal to your sight,
O sing for them (if you have Songs to spare,
Songs, that undue for your own Glories are;)
Ye Cherubs first the rapt'rous Song begin,
And load the Burden of your Song
With Hallelujah's loud and long;
Then Seraphs in your Time and Place fall in;
Fall in and catch the rising Sound
At its remote rebound!
Warble, protract and be
The Chorus in the applauding Company;
And mount the Musick high'r, and then
Ye tall Arch-Angels seal the Song with your
Amen.
Thus live and sing! and as you sing, fall
down,
Paying all Homage to the Eternal Crown;
Sing and adore; and by the Songs you raise
Atone for their unpardonable want of Praise,

X.

But while I greedily survey
The little Globe, where I my Being gain'd,
Methinks, I'm seiz'd upon the Way,
And forcibly detain'd
By yonder Grave Procession that's begun;
Look there, with what Solemnity,
And mournful Decency,
That Funeral Pomp advances slowly on!

Alas! alas! I see
By something of the Company,
But more by Sympathetic Qualm I find,
There go the Reliques, that I left behind!
There they are marching to the silent Room,
That truly long ago
Was due to them, and destin'd so
By Guilty Nature and Inexorable Doom;
Thanks, pious Friends, so loving and so good,
Who this last Office pay,
Who thus Respectfully Convey
The useless Cargo to an undisturb'd Abode.
Kind Ministers of Law severe and just,
That thus remands our Dust to Dust!
May you long live and supersede
Such fatal Services, nor need
Such gloomy Tenement, but when ye do,
May the same Favour, Friends, be paid to you?
Alas! What Diff'rence now appears to be
Betwixt immortal Me,
And, poor bereaved Carkass, Thee?
How vital, sprightly, and preceptive I?
Offspring of Heav'n, and Rival of the Sky!
Fill'd with Amazement and Delight anew,
On this surprizing, intellectual View!
Awak'd to act, and see, and feel much more
Than all the imprison'd Powers cou'd before;
Fled from the Cranies of embarrass'd Sense,
I'm grown all Eye, and Ear, and all Intelligence.

Mean

Mean while, how ſqualid and how diſmal thou,
Of Duſt compos'd, to Duſt returning now!
Diſmal, as is Death's melancholy Shade!
And ſqualid, as the Place where thou art laid!
No dawning Sun can cheer thee with his Light;
No Moon or Stars peep in by Night;
Late a well-guarded Fort waſt thou,
Abandon'd and defenceleſs now!
The double Guards appointed to oppoſe
The Inſults of approaching Foes,
Have all their Truſts and Offices deny'd,
Fall'n cold and moveleſs by thy ſide;
Can drive no tim'rous Mole or Worm from thence,
To Wooden Walls oblig'd ev'n for their own Defence:
The Pillars of thy Fabric now no more
Support the Weight, that once they bore;
Down they are fall'n, and ſunk beneath the Ground,
With Earth and their own Ruins cover'd round;
The whole Retinue that attended thee
Muſt henceforth pine and ſtarve, and famiſh'd be;
The Mill is done, and Service, there
The Grinders can prepare no Cheer;
The Watchmen, for their Function ſeated high,
Ordain'd the ambient Region to deſcry
Look out no more, nor mind the Foe,
Nor give their *Items* to the Guards below;

The Doors are barr'd, and silent ev'ry Room,
No grateful Visitants can go or come;
The Ministers of Harmony
Distun'd and speechless lie!
All stopt the Organs! and all broke the Keys;
More lifeless than the Strings that late did
please!
Delights are gone, and Tempting Objects fled,
And all thy Inclinations too are dead;
Little, ah! little didst thou consider sure,
When Youth and Blood was warm,
What Dire Catastrophe thou must endure,
Unstirr'd by wonted Springs, and deaf to every
Charm?
Alas! the Silver Cord, that ty'd
The joynted Beam and Rafters close,
That Strength and Tone around the Walls
supply'd,
Untwisted lies, and all its Branches loose;
The Golden and Capacious Bowl,
The House and Lab'ratory of the Soul,
With all its vital Furniture's destroy'd,
No Forge, or Flames remains,
No more it fashions, or contains,
The Subtle Utensils I manag'd and employ'd;
The Fountain, that in 'midst did play,
And thro' each Room cut out its lambent way,
Exhausted is of all its Store,
And loads the Pitcher with its Streams no
more;

The

The Wheel is broke, and each nutritious Juice
That did with Life abound,
And gather'd more by whirling round,
Now ſtagnates and corrupts for want of ancient Uſe;
The Curious Net-work and Mechanic Lace
Diſſolve and melt apace;
Where's now the Embroyd'ry of each Sumptuous Part?
Was this the Mirror of unbounded Art?
Strange, that the Maker ſhou'd his Work diſdain,
Unravel't all, as if 'twere made in vain;
But ſee the Pow'r of Law and Wrath Divine!
In darkſome Graves does Heav'n's bright Juſtice ſhine;
See how provoking Humane Race has been?
See there the Wages of Hereditary Sin!
But ſtrange, that things ſo diſtant ſhou'd combine!
That Spirit and Clay ſhou'd in ſuch Wedlock joyn!
Strange, that I ſhou'd ſo long, ſo gladly dwell
With ſuch an uncouth Inmate, and unſuitable!
Strange, that I cou'd ſuch noiſome Preſence bear,
And doat upon that ſordid Lumber there!
But yet I muſt with due Reſentment own
What once thou waſt, and once haſt done;
My loyal, my coeval Bride,

Eſpous'd

Eſpous'd at his Command,
Beſtow'd by his own Hand,
Who the firſt Humane Pair in Nuptial Union ty'd!
Farewell, farewell my Dear;
The conſtant Part'ner of my Hope and Fear,
My Boſom-Friend, my old Relief,
Whoſe Kindneſs wou'd be ſure
To ſeek my Wounds a Cure,
And by a Sight or Tear ſtrive to diſſolve my Grief;
Farewell, my Priſon, my Diſeaſe,
What pining Seaſons were
My Treatment and my Fare,
As long as thou waſt made the Keeper of my Peace?
Go Tempter, go, as thou haſt been
A quick Extinguiſher of Heav'nly Fires!
A Source of black Enormity and Sin!
Thou Cramp of Sacred Motions and Deſires!
How brave and bleſt am I,
Unfetter'd from thy Company,
Thou Enemy of my Joys and me!
But pardon that I thus
Unconſciouſly accuſe!
How much more cruel have I been to thee?
'Twas cruel I, oblig'd thee to obey
The wilful dictates of my guilty Sway!

'Twas

'Twas I, made all theſe Ills, and Death thy own,
Condemn'd thee to the Jail, where thou art thrown;
My Crimes debauch'd thy Duſt, and forfeited
The happy Reſtoration from the Dead,
But 'tis reſolv'd, dear Mate, that we
Shan't always thus divorced be;
We'll meet again, long, long to try
What Vigour Abſence adds to Joy;
Be ſure then, Grave, thou faithful prove!
The dear *Depoſitum* obſerve,
Tell ev'ry Sinew, Bone, and Nerve,
They're all recorded in the Regiſter above?
As they diſſolve, tell ev'ry Duſt,
For tho' thou call'ſt it thine,
Thou muſt it all reſign,
'Tis but a while committed to thy Truſt;
When the awak'ning Trump ſhall ſound,
Thy vaſt Accounts ſhall be call'd in,
Be canvaſs'd, that it may be ſeen
What thy Arrears and Debts have been,
To th' Overſeer of all Conſecrated Ground;
Thy Mighty Landlord He! who ſtill will have
The Keys of Death and of the Grave!
He'll watch thoſe purchas'd Reliques there which we
Lay down with Grief and leave with thee;
Thy captiv'd Tenants all are His,
His Priſoners, or his Heirs of Bliſs;

The

The one he will demand to Doom,
And kindly fetch the other home;
He ſees thy conſtant Rage, but meaneth ſo
To inhance his Honour in thy Overthrow;
He'll burſt thy Bowels, and by Pow'r
Force thee all that Food reſtore
Which Thou, curſt Canibal, didſt e're devour;
Sleep then dear Mate, in Peace, in Quiet dwell,
Secure from all thy Cares,
From me, and Foes, and Snares,
Sleep on, till I return to call thee from thy Cell.

F I N I S.

THE CONTENTS.

Hymn I. Page 1
Hymn II. p. 3
Hymn III. p. 5
Hymn IV. p. 7
Hymn V. p. 8
A Paraphraſe on John iii. 16. *By a young Lady.* For God ſo loved the World, that he gave his only begotten Son, *&c.* p. 10
A Paraphraſe on the cxlviiith. Pſalm. *By the Earl of* Roſcommon. *Written at twelve Years of Age,* p. 13
Te Deum, *Paraphraſed. By Mr.* Dennis, p. 17
Hymn on the Sacrament. By an unknown Hand, p. 25
A Paſtoral on the Nativity of our Saviour, in Imitation of an Italian *Paſtoral. By Mrs.* Singer, p. 26
MESSIAH, *a ſacred Eclogue, compoſed of ſeveral Paſſages of* Iſaiah *the Prophet. Written*

ten

The Contents.

ten in Imitation of Virgil's *Pollio*, p. 32
A Paraphrase on Rev. *Chap.* i. *from v.* 13. *to v.* 18. *By a young Lady*, p. 37
A Pindarick Ode, on the Passion of our Saviour. By Mr. Norris, p. 39
Hymn on Heaven. By an unknown Hand, p. 48
Come, my Beloved, let us go forth into the Fields; let us lodge in the Villages, *Cant.* VII. 11. p. 50
Hymn, p. 51
Psalm, cxiv. p. 53
A Paraphrase on John xxi. 17. *By a young Lady*, p. 54
The Wish. By a young Lady, p. 56
A Dialogue between the fallen Angels, and a humane Spirit just entred into the other World. By an unknown Hand, p. 57
Hymn. By Mr. Bowden, p. 62
Another, p. 64
The second Psalm *paraphras'd. By Sir* Richard Blackmore, p. 65
The cxlviiith Psalm *paraphras'd. By the same Hand*, p. 69
A Description of Hell. In Imitation of Mr. Milton. *By an unknown Hand*, p. 73
On Heaven. By an unknown Hand, p. 77
The Lamentation of Jeremiah, *Chap.* i. *By Mrs.* Wharton, p. 81

Part

The Contents.

Part of the third Chapter of Habbakuk, *paraphras'd. By a young Lady,* p. 87
Seraphick Love. By an unknown Hand, p. 90
The Tranſlation of Elijah. *By an unknown Hand,* p. 91
Paraphraſe on the xxixth Pſalm, p. 94
A Dialogue between the Soul, Riches, Fame, and Pleaſure. By an uuknown Hand, p. 96
The xxxviiith *Chapter of* Job, *tranſlated By Mrs.* Singer, p. 99
Hymn. Whom have I in Heaven but thee, *&c.* Pſal. lxxiii. 25. *By an unknown Hand,* p. 103
By an unknown Hand, p. 104
Hymn, p. 105
Thoughts on Death. By a young Lady, p. 106
Paraphraſe on Cant. VII. 11. *By the ſame Hand,* p. 107
Paraphraſe on Micah vi. 6, 7. *By the ſame Hand,* p. 109
Dialogue betwe n a good Spirit, newly parted from the Body, and the Angels that came to conduct him to Glory. By Mr. Bowden p. 110
Paraphraſe on Malachi iii. *By a young Lady* p. 118
The Meditation, p. 120
The lxiiid. *Chapter of* Iſaiah, *paraphas'd to the*

the 6th. Verſe. A Pindarick Ode, p. 122
The Elevation, p. 125
The cxlviiith. Pſalm, *paraphras'd. By the ſame Author,* p. 128
The Reſignation. By the ſame Hand p. 131
The Proſpect. By the ſame Author, p. 133
The cxxxviith. Pſalm, *paraphas'd to the 7th. Verſe. By the ſame Author,* p. 136
Hymn to the Redeemer of the World. By Mr Bowden, p. 138
The Warning, p. 145
By Mr. Wieſley, p. 146
The Vanity of the World. By a young Lady, p. 152
A Proſpect of Death. A Pindarick Eſſay, p. 154
The Appeal. By an unknown Hand, p. 163
Tell me, O thou whom my Soul loves, where thou feedeſt, where thou cauſeſt the Flocks to reſt at Noon, *Cant.* I. 7. *By an unknown Hand,* p. 165
And tho' after my Skin Worms deſtroy this Body, yet in my Fleſh ſhall I ſee God, Job xix. 26. *By a young Lady,* p. 166
Hymn, p. 168
Hymn, p. 171
Hymn, p. 172
In Praiſe of Virtue. By Mr. Tate. p. 173

The

The Contents.

The Character of a Happy Life. By Sir Henry Wotton. p. 175
Christ's Passion. Taken out of a Greek Ode, p. 177
Thoughts in Sickness, p. 180
The Rapture. By a young Lady, p. 182
The cxxxix*th.* Psalm, *paraphras'd to the* 14*th. Verse. By Mr.* Norris p. 183
The Consummation. A Pindarick Ode. By the same Hand, p. 186
Veni Creator Spiritus. *Translated into Paraphrase. By Mr.* Dryden, p. 191
God the Creator, and the Preserver. By Mr Daniel, p. 193
Death's Vision. By Mr. Reynolds, p. 210

BOOKS Printed for, and sold by William Taylor *at the* Ship *in* Pater-Noster-Row.

1. A Neat Beautiful and Correct Edit. of Plutarch's Morals, in 5 Vol. 12*mo*. Translated from the Greek by several Hands.

2. Ovid's Metamorphosis in 2 Vol. in 12*mo*. Adorned with Cuts.

3. ——Epistle in 12*mo*. with Cuts.

4. Poems by the Author of the Choice. 12*mo*.

5. Poems by the Lady Winchelsea. 8*o*.

6. Poems by Mr. Dryden. 6 Vol. 12*mo*.

7. Mr. Congreve's Plays and Poems, 3 Vol. 8*o*.

8. The New Atlantis in 2 Vol. 12*mo*.

9. Dr. Garth's Dispensary. With Cuts, and a Compleat Key. 12*mo*.

10. Mr. Manwaring's Works in Prose and Verse, 8*o*.

11. Adventures of Telemachus, in 2 Vol. 12*mo*. with Cuts.

12. Boetius, of the Consolation of Philosophy. 12*mo*.

13. Byssé's Art of English Poetry in 4 Vol. being a Compleat Common-Place-Book, to the Works of our most Eniment English Poets. Continued to the Year 1718.

14. Memoirs of the Court of England, by Count De Grammont. The second Edtion with a Compleat Key, 8*o*.

15. Mr.

15. Mr. Lawrence Echard's Tranſlation of Plautus's Comedies, with Critical Remarks 12*mo*.

16. Lord Clarendon's Hiſtory in 6 Vol. in Large and Small Paper.

17. The Adventures of Theagines and Chariclia à Romana. Done from the Greek of Heliadorus in 2 Pocket Volumes.

18. The Religious Philoſopher in 2 Vol. The third and laſt Vol. is in the Preſs and will ſhortly be Publiſhed.

19. The Annals of King George in 4 Vol. 8*o*.

20. Mr. Deſagulier's Hydroſtaticks, 8*o*.

21. Biſhop Beveridge's Thoughts in 2 Vol. 8*o*. with Cuts.

22.——The ſame in 12*mo*.

23.——His Sermons in 12 Vol. 8*o*.

24.——His Theſaurus in 4 Vol. 8*o*.

25.——His Neceſſity of Publick Prayer and Frequent Communion.

26.——His Expoſition of the 39 Articles of the Church of England.

27. Mr. Spinckes's Sick Man Viſited. Third Edition, 8*o*.

28. Dr. Woodward's Fair Warnings to a Careleſs World. Adorned with Cuts.

29. Dr. Barrow, of Contentment, Patience, and Reſignation to the Divine Will, 12*mo*.

30. Advice to a Son, Directing how to Demean himſelf in the moſt Important Affairs of Life, 12*mo*.

31. Mr. Kettlewell's Works in 2 Vol. in Folio.

32. Biſhop Taylor's Holy Living and Dying 8*o*.

33.——His Golden Grove, 12*mo*.

34.——His Life of Chriſt will ſhortly be put to the Preſs with New Cuts, Deſigned by the beſt Maſters, Folio.

35. Biſhop Patrick's Devotions, 12*mo*.

36.——

36.——His Chriſtian Sacrifice. 12*mo*.

37. Arch-Biſhop of Cambray, of the Exiſtence of God, *&c.* 8*o*.

38. Mr. Whiſton's, Theological and Mathematical Works.

39 Dr. Quincy's Compleat Engliſh Diſpenſatory. 8*o*.

40. Cato, a Tragedy. The ninth Edition. By Mr. Addiſon. 12*mo*.

41. The Diſtreſſed Mother, a Tragedy. By Mr. Phillips, 12*mo*.

42. The Careleſs Husband, a Comedy. By Mr. Cibber, 12*mo*.

43. The Juſtice of Peace's Vade Mecum, 12*mo*

44. Militia-Law. Being an Abſtract of all the Acts of Parliament relating to the Militia, *&c.* 12*mo*.

45. The Compleat Sportſman with all the Laws relating to the Game.

46. The Country Gentleman's Vade Mecum. 12*mo*.

47 The Turkiſh Spy Continued, Vol. I. 12*mo*.

48. Compleat Hiſtory of Witchcraft, Magick and Sorcery, 12*mo*.

49. Logick, or the Art of Thinking, 12*mo*.

50. Lawrence's Clergy-Men and Gentlemen's Recreation, 8*o*.

51. The Lady's Recreation in Gardening. By C. Evelin Eſq; 8*o*.

52. Dugdale's Monaſticon Anglicanum. Tranſlated into Engliſh with above 100 Cuts, of Cathedrals, Abbies, Monaſteries, and other Religious Houſes. Folio.

53. Theatrum Scotiæ. Containing Proſpects of the moſt Conſiderable Places in Scotland, with above 60 Copper Plates. Folio.

54. Pomponii Melæ, de ſitu Orbis Libri tres Belgium Britannicum. Auctore Guil. Muſgrave, F. R. S.

FROM THE LIBRARY OF

REV. LOUIS FITZGERALD BENSON, D. D.

BEQUEATHED BY HIM TO

THE LIBRARY OF

PRINCETON THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

1385 **Divine Hymns** (A Collection of) and Poems, by the E. of ROSCOMMON, JOHN DRYDEN, Esq., Mr. DENNIS, Mr. NORRIS, Mrs. KATH. PHILLIPS, Mrs. SINGER, and others, Third Edition, *front.*, 12mo, *calf*, 3s. 6d. 1719

Upon the fly-leaves are contemporary MS. additions.